

THE CONTINENT

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September 5.

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

The LEADING FEATURES of
this Number are:

"THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY
BRIGADE AT BALAClava." With
New Portraits, Maps and Diagrams.
By Henry W. B. Howard.

Marion Harland's "JUDITH." Illus.

A Paper on "CLASSICAL MUSIC,"
by W. R. Thompson.

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In the manner of the dress,
That makes the sailor feel
Nautical—cal—cal—
And since our government
Has no vessel worth a cent
It should be so exactly—
And I shall—shall—shall.

Lots of lacing, blue and gold,
Makes us glad to be sold,
Like Caesar's commanding
Piaf—fore—fore—
And we'll trust to uniform
In the tempest and the storm,
Or if over this great country
Goes to war—war—war.

—Philadelphia News.

This employing college students for table waiters at summer hotels makes trouble. You see girls have very little discrimination at times, and when a young lady is introduced to a youth whose father may be worth \$1,000,000, she learns that he is a collegian, and asks: "Oh, were you waiting on table at the Sperry Cliff house last summer?" It makes a very embarrassing situation.—Boston Post.

The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit: "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

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Vol. IV. No. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883.

Whole No. 82.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE HONORABLE JAMES SCARLETT, WHO LED THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

At the present time, when the attention of Americans is turning back to review the records of the brave deeds of their brethren, and of their foes, upon the battle-fields of the war of the rebellion, it is not inappropriate to recall one of the most conspicuous of the achievements in other hands that have made the name of Anglo-Saxon glorious. The conduct of the English cavalry at the battle of Balaklava during the Crimean war was emphasized by circumstances that distinguished it from other deeds of valor no less splendid, perhaps, but lacking its attendant circumstances of dramatic interest. The fact that it was "not war," as General Bosquet's immortal phrase put it, was lost sight of in the enthusiastic acknowledgment of the world that it was "magnificent"—and the Charge of the Light Brigade took its place in history beside the defense of Thermopylae, Horatius at the bridge, and

other legends of conspicuous bravery. But it is rather to tell of another exploit which took place on the same field, a performance equally brave, against almost as desperate chances, and, in a military sense, greater, in that it was well conceived and successfully executed, that this story of Balaklava is here recalled.

The Charge of the Heavy Brigade is familiar only to the comparatively few readers of military history, and to those whom Mr. Kinglake's charm as a writer has attracted to read "The Invasion of the Crimea," notwithstanding it is military history. Of this fact the writer has had frequent evidence from personal friends of his own time of life—young men well-read on general topics and familiar with what "everybody knows"—who were not prepared to hear that the palm for the Balaklava day should go to the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, which, three hundred strong, charged and defeated three thou-

sand Russian horsemen. Lord Raglan, the commander of the English army in the Crimea, himself lamented the fate of the Light Brigade, not alone because it so nearly annihilated an indispensable arm of his force, but because the tragic splendor of that charge would obscure the more meritorious performance of the "Heavies" the same morning. Mr. Tennyson, after many years, recently embalmed the memory of "Scarlett's three hundred" in verse; but in verse that will not live so long as the recollection of the achievement. The poem did not direct to the Heavy Cavalry charge the attention it deserved, and the accounts of it which accompanied the publication of the poem here were meagre; so that the story of this charge remains to be told for the general reader in America.

When the allied English and French armies, commanded by Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud, had effected their landing on the west coast of the Crimea, and had taken up their southward march toward Sebastopol, they were opposed by the Russians at the Alma River, but attacked and drove them back into the city. Lord Raglan's desire to follow up this victory with an immediate attack upon Sebastopol—which, it was afterwards learned, was at that time open to easy capture—was not concurred in by St. Arnaud, who said his men were tired; but it was suspected that he was even then himself dying of the malady to which he shortly after succumbed. The alternative was a dangerous detour around the east side of Sebastopol to the position on the south of the city from which the siege was subsequently conducted. This movement was, however, successfully accomplished, the allies passing, without realizing it in time, between the city and the rear of the Russian army retreating northward! The Russians afterwards returned to the defense of Sebastopol, and the allies took up their position on the Chersonese, the French at the west and the English at the east of the elevated plateau.

The English received their supplies at the port of Balaklava, a small town near the southeastern angle of the Chersonese, and it was necessary to protect this important point from the attack which could easily be made there from the east and north. Between the high land of the Chersonese and an elevation on the east sufficiently protecting the town in that direction, a narrow gorge north of Balaklava opened upon a plain about three miles long from east to west and about two miles wide from north to south. A low ridge of ground divided the length of the plain into two narrow valleys—that to the north the "valley of death" of the Light Brigade and that to the south the scene of the charge of the Heavy Cavalry. Near the entrance to the gorge leading to Balaklava were stationed the few troops the English were able to spare from the exigencies of the siege operations—about four hundred Highlanders, commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, and behind these, within the gorge, some batteries—all constituting an inner line of defense. Along the ridge separating the valleys were erected a number of redoubts, which constituted an outer line of defense. These were manned by Turkish troops, an English non-commissioned officer of artillery with each detachment. Along this ridge ran a "metaled" or stone-laid road leading up to the table-land, the loss of which, as a result of the battle of Balaklava, subsequently contributed largely to the sufferings of the English troops through the dreadful winter that followed, because they had no other road adapted to the transport of material, nor had they the facilities for making the existing road suitable for the purpose.

Upon the attack of the Russians, a large force of

25,000 men under General Liprandi, early on the morning of the 25th October, 1854, the Turks in the redoubts were speedily driven in, and run in terror to the Highlanders at the gorge, with whom they aligned them-



THE CRIMEA, SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIES.

selves for a short time, but at the next demonstration of the enemy again retreated, running wildly toward the port; meeting an avenger on the way, however, in the fierce and heavy arm of a burly Scotch wife from the Highlanders' camp, who soundly thumped such of them as she could reach for their cowardice. A demonstration by a body of Russian cavalry, which appeared before the Highland regiment from over the ridge, was so firmly met by Sir Colin Campbell's men that nothing further was attempted at that time. The spirit of these men is well shown by their response to Campbell, who rode down the line and said: "Remember, there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand!" "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, we'll do that!"

Now came the hour when the Heavy Cavalry was to find its opportunity. The division of cavalry, consisting of the Light Brigade, commanded by Lord Cardigan, and the Heavy Brigade, commanded by General James Scarlett—in all about 1500 men, Lieutenant-General the Earl of Lucan in command of the division—was posted at the eastern end of the plain, on the southern slope of the heights, and fronting toward the north valley. After the demonstration of the Russian cavalry against the Highlanders, Lord Raglan, who was observing the operations from the table-land above, sent an order for eight squadrons of the Heavy Cavalry to move to the gorge to support its defenders. This duty devolved upon General Scarlett, who was sent by Lord Lucan with the 5th Dragoon Guards, the Scots Greys, and the Ironsiding Dragoons—six squadrons—followed by two squadrons of the 4th Dragoon Guards, to execute the order. There were numerous obstructions in the line of march, and in avoiding one of these some of the squadrons passed to the left—on the side toward the ridge—and some to the right—the result of which was that the charge that followed was led by a first line of only three squadrons. When the squadrons had passed the end of the ridge on which were the redoubts, and

were skirting the edge of an inclosed vineyard to their left, Lieutenant Elliot, an aid-de-camp on General Scarlett's staff, cast his eye along the ridge to the left, and discovered there a forest of lances. He pointed this out to General Scarlett, who was closely watching the Highland regiment he was advancing to support, not dreaming that a hostile demonstration could be made practically within the lines held by the English, without discovery and attack from the Light Cavalry. A

division of the squadrons into two columns in passing the obstruction brought into the line nearest the enemy only the three squadrons that had passed to the left—the second squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons and two squadrons of the Scots Greys; and this line of three hundred men led the way in the charge. This was "Scarlett's three hundred." The entire number of English finally engaged was a little over five hundred. The line was formed with great care and



LORD RAGLAN, COMMANDER OF THE ENGLISH FORCES.

short inspection satisfied them that a large body of Russian horse was collecting on the ridge at a distance of only a few hundred yards, and preparing to charge down on the flank of the marching Heavy Cavalry. Instantly General Scarlett resolved to take the initiative, and charge, with his few hundred men, the solid mass of Russians, three thousand in number. He communicated his plan to Lord Lucan, who had ridden up during the preparatory formation of the line, and who approved it. "Are you right in front?" he asked of his officers. "Yes, sir." "Left wheel into line!" he commanded, expecting that the six squadrons with which he had started would form one line. But the

deliberateness—"taking ground to the right" to leave room for other squadrons supposed to be near, "dressing" the squadrons to form a perfect line, and conducting all the ceremonies of the "tactics" as thoroughly and composedly as at a holiday parade in the presence of an admiring throng instead of an overwhelming force of the enemy. General Scarlett, with his trumpeter and orderly and Lieutenant Elliot, sat flailing the enemy, turning only occasionally to motion back with his sword the impetuous squadron of the Inniskillings whose "Irish" was up, and whose warlike ardor was severely tried by the necessity of restraining themselves from immediate advance, while their com-



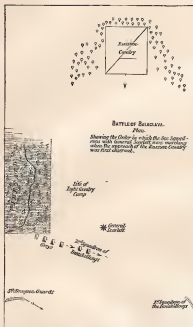
RIDE'S EYE VIEW OF THE FIELD OF BALACRAVA, SHOWING THE LINES OF THE CHARGES.
(The French Brigades under the Charnassat, and the approaching English Dragoons, are not shown.)

rades on the left were so disposing their line as to clear the obstructions in front of them. At length the line was formed, and the preparations for the charge were complete.

Meantime the enemy were advancing. Lord Lucan, impatient for the charge to be made without dangerous delay, caused his trumpeter to give the signal several times; but the ceremonies of formation continued, and the squadrons did not move forward. The enemy approached nearer. (At the beginning of the charge there was a distance of about four hundred yards between the opposing forces.) Then, to the surprise of all, the Russian horsemen slackened pace and halted. It was supposed that General Ryzoff, their commander, discovered the partly abandoned camp of an English brigade, imperfectly struck when the early morning alarm was given, which lay in front of the left of the Heavy Cavalry line now formed, and presented an ugly obstacle to the advance of a large body of mounted men. But for whatever cause it was made, this halt gave the English the great advantage of delivering rather than receiving a charge, and removed the most serious danger they had to fear, of being overwhelmed by the mere weight of opposing numbers. The task before them was desperate enough, however; they had to advance up hill over obstructed ground, and against an enemy which they could not hope to shatter or even

shock by the impetus of their movement, so large in proportions that, while the ranks were too deep to be counted, a front was presented which overlapped both flanks of the scanty line of horsemen about to attack. But to make the attempt was imperative, and when all was ready General Scarlett ordered his trumpeter to sound the charge, and himself moved forward at a trot. For him and for the three horsemen who accompanied him, the passage of the obstructions was less difficult than for the ranks of the troopers who followed, and by reason of this the leader steadily increased the distance between himself and his men, until by the time they had cleared the imperfectly-struck camp, and could follow at the pace he set them, he was more than fifty yards in advance of them. This lead had been reduced to not less than fifty yards when Scarlett reached the enemy.

The Russian commander sat before his troops as Scarlett, closely followed by Lieutenant Elliot, drew near. The Russian selected the latter for his adversary, perhaps judging from his staff-officer's hat that he was the commander, while the British general rode straight past and flung himself upon the Russian column, the impetus of his huge, swift horse carrying him through the front rank and wedging him into the solid mass. Here he cut and thrust and parried, defending himself and wounding his adversaries, working his way into the midst of



them, until he had got so far in as to be beyond the risk of danger from the impact of his own men when they should strike the enemy with their furious rush. Lieutenant Elliott parried the cut aimed at him by the Russian commander and drove his sword through his opponent's body with such force that he could not withdraw it, until he was carried past by his horse, and, turning the Russian in his saddle, dragged his weapon after him. The trumpeter and the orderly, a mighty man named Shegog, followed, and each of the four men constituting the group in advance was soon separately engaged in the midst of the dense mass of Russian horse.

The English squadrons came thundering on. Already outflanked by the enemy, the line, which had been formed in two ranks, gradually extended itself in both directions, the men of the rear rank eagerly pressing forward into the front rank, until there was only a single line—and even this failed to cover the front of the hostile phalanx. In this order, and now advancing at the highest possible speed, they fell upon the enemy with a force that drove them well into the mass. It was too much to be expected of the Russians that they should sit still upon their horses in the face of this tremendous onslaught, and, without the advantage of momentum or the inspiration of a charge, oppose their bodies directly to the heavy dragoons that bore down upon them. So the front ranks opened to let the in-

truders pass, and soon the entire first line of the English became engulfed in the Russian column, swallowed up, lost to sight, and apparently doomed to destruction. The great weight of the heavy cavalry, their tall horses and their long swords, gave them advantages in the hand-to-hand conflict that ensued—each man or group of men completely surrounded by the enemy; but the destructiveness of their work with the sword was greatly diminished by the shako and tough gray overcoats worn by the Russians, which resisted the sabres, point and edge, and the carnage on both sides was much less than would seem possible in such an affair. But the Scotch and Irish troopers fought manly, the handskilling going in with a cheer and cutting their way through with a yell, and the Greys, with a "low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire." Some of these men, when close pressed by a throng, piked the sabre with one hand, and with the other seized their assailants by the coat and dragged them from their saddles. Each one of the three hundred presented the spectacle of a man of great strength and stature, of a fiery race, inspired by zeal, exhilarated by the wild charge, and maddened as men are who are beset by numbers, putting forth his whole power to defend his life and overcome his foe. The Russians, at the outset no match man for man for their assailants (they were Light Cavalry), obedient and docile by nature, accustomed to domination, hampered by their very numbers—so closely were they massed together—and deprived of all the exciting



conditions upon which cavalry depend for success, were able to grapple with the foe in only a half-hearted way, and were no doubt relieved when one of these furious and mighty men, if they could not overcome him with their weapons, had fought his way past them into the vicinity of their fresher comrades. There were some of the English who in this way worked nearly through the depth of the column, but these preferred to remain fighting within it to emerging into the open space be-

parations that had been made for their support, said that the conflict was never for a moment doubtful. The in-wheeling of the Russian "wings" afforded a great opportunity to the cavalry that were approaching the column in support of the first line which Scarlett had led in.

The only portion of the Heavy Brigade that had not accompanied General Scarlett when he first set out was the "Royals." Seeing the preparation for the conflict, and fancying that they had been left behind



CAPTAIN NOLAN.

yond and engaging there with the Cossacks, who were prepared, under more advantageous circumstances, to despatch them.

Notwithstanding the personal immunity of the individuals composing the attacking force, it could not be expected that the three hundred men entombed in the midst of ten times their number could effect a victory; for no matter what their prowess, they must eventually succumb to numbers. The Russians were formed in a solid square or oblong, the front of which had been extended when the English were first discovered near, by throwing out wings to the right and left. As soon as the attacking cavalry had reined and entered the mass, these wings prepared no doubt for this purpose, closed in upon them from behind. This movement seemed to many spectators to seal the fate of the brave three hundred, although Lord Raglan, who could see from his elevated position on the plateau the personal ascendancy his men were maintaining within the mass, and the pre-

by mistake, these two squadrons followed after their comrades, reached the scene of action just as the in-wheeling of the Russian right wing was half completed, and charged upon its flank and rear most effectively. More might have been accomplished here, but the Royals had departed from their station hurriedly and were in some disorder, and the cutting off of the Greys had caused them to make their charge without waiting for further preparations. But in the presence of so large a force it was thought prudent to get into shape before pushing their advantage further. The wing continued then to wheel, and had closed in behind the Greys just in time to receive full upon the rear the two squadrons of the 54th Dragoon Guards, which, with the remaining squadron of the Inniskillings, formed General Scarlett's second line.

Meantime the 4th Dragoon Guards, which it will be remembered, had orders to follow the squadrons General Scarlett had started with to join the Highland-



LORD CARDIGAN, WHO LED THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ers, under Lord Raglan's original order for this movement, came in view of the scene, and having cleared the vineyard to their left, made for a point opposite the right flank of the Russian column, and charged from there, piercing the side of the column and in its turn working its way into the depths of the mass. Then, from the other side, attacking the left wing of the Russians, came the remaining squadron of the Inniskillings, the right wing of Scarlett's second line, which in the march toward the Highlanders had proceeded the farthest. Their charge was so timed that the in-wheeling left wing of the Russians had so far completed its movement as to receive the attack full and square in the rear. The effect of this was most disastrous to the Russians; the first troop of the charging squadron, coming at full force upon the wheeling wing, "pierced it like an arrow," and the second troop following broke it up, and crowded such of its members as were not slain closely upon the Russian front. By this time the 4th Dragoon Guards, who had charged and pierced the Russian right flank, had fought their way well across the column; the work done by the Royals and 5th Dragoon Guards against the front and in-wheeling right-wing had disorganized the column at those points; and General Scarlett, with his first line, had cloven his way through in a curve to his right, entering at the front and emerging at the middle of the left flank of the mass. Thus broken up in all directions, without facility of reorganization, and stunned and bewildered by the fierce onslaught they had sustained, the Russians began to waver, then to incline slightly up hill, away from the attack, until the ranks loosened, the column broke, and in a confused mass of individual horsemen the mighty

force galloped off in full retreat. They were followed for a short distance by the eager cavalry men, who were not inclined to let the escape of even so considerable an enemy close the fight, and they were pursued by shot from the horse-artillery attached to the Light Brigade, as well as from Sir Colin Campbell's guns across the valley.

The enthusiasm of those who were fortunate enough to see this feat of arms was great. Officers and men, French and English, greeted the gallant charge with cheers and congratulations. A French general pronounced it the most glorious thing he ever saw. But the victory seemed a very barren one to the men who had taken part in securing it. The English loss was only seventy-eight killed and wounded, and while that of the Russians was much greater (it has been computed at several hundred), neither was commensurate with the magnitude of the fight—a fact which has already been accounted for. Moreover, the squadrons of the Heavy Brigade had been thoroughly disorganized during the few terrible minutes of conflict, and even had it been prudent to pursue their flying enemy into the jaws of an army, they were in no condition to do so. But the success of their splendid charge resulted in a lasting disinclination on the part of the Russian cavalry to meet the English dragoons again in a hand-to-hand conflict.

To have completed the work accomplished by General Scarlett and his men it was necessary that the Light Brigade, which was near the scene of action, and so posted as to command the flank of the Russian cavalry, should attack them on the flank during the charge of the Heavy Brigade and perhaps also as they retreated. Lord Cardigan had orders, however, which

he (mistakenly) understood to compel him to remain where he was, even under the circumstances; but he was filled with generous envy, because his comrades had had an opportunity that was denied to him, and he expressed it in the impatient exclamation: "Damn those Heavies; they have the laugh of us this day!"

But the opportunity of the Light Brigade was at hand, and the manner in which they availed themselves of it left no doubt as to the courage of either the men or their commander. The world is familiar with the general character of that charge. That is, everybody knows that it was a "wild" and disastrous charge, and that "some one had blundered." But, as a very intelligent, and even learned, man was heard recently to lay the blame for the blunder clearly on the wrong shoulders, it is perhaps worth while to recount the facts here.

The defeat of the Russian cavalry by Scarlett, involving the withdrawal of the artillery which accompanied it, gave the English an opportunity to assume the offensive, and undertake the recapture of the redoubts along the ridge lost by the Turks in the morning. But delay on the part of an English infantry division postponed this attack, much to the vexation of Lord Raglan, who determined to advance his cavalry, supported by infantry, to take advantage of any opportunity to recover the ground. Orders to this effect were sent to Lord Lucan; but although these orders were repeated, for nearly an hour no advance was made, and precious time was lost. The Russians had been discomfited, were already contemplating retreat, and subsequent events and subsequently-developed facts showed that an attack or even a demonstration at this time and toward the right point would have caused them to withdraw from the field.

A peremptory order for the cavalry to advance and prevent the enemy from carrying away the (English) guns lost by the Turks at the redoubts in the morning, was finally sent to Lord Lucan. The bearer of this order was Captain Nolan, a young staff officer, and an enthusiastic cavalry-man, who had lofty ideas as to the value of cavalry properly handled, and whose valor led him to go beyond the simple duty of an aid-de-camp acting as a bearer of orders, and accompany the Light Brigade on its fateful charge, of which he was destined to be the first victim. The death of this young officer greatly increased the difficulty of fixing the responsibility of the now historic "blunder;" for what he said was thus left for others to interpret, and the meaning of what he did—a most significant action—was left to inference for its elucidation.

Notwithstanding the purport of the previous orders from Lord Raglan, which pointed clearly to the English guns captured with the redoubts as the point of attack, and the meaning of this last order properly interpreted, Lord Lucan conceived that the order brought him by Captain Nolan directed a charge down the whole length of the north valley, much of which was commanded by the enemy's batteries on both sides, in the face of a twelve-gun battery (properly a battery and a half), behind and beside which lay the entire Russian army of twenty-five thousand men—which was not only contrary to the orders, but contrary to military usage. He criticised to the young aid-de-camp the folly of the attempt (as he understood it), and asked what he was to attack—"What guns?" Impatient at this hesitation in obeying Lord Raglan's orders, Captain Nolan, in what Lord Lucan said was "a most disrespectful and significant manner," replied: "There, my lord, is your enemy—there are your guns," pointing, as Lucan un-

derstood him, down the valley. This interpretation of a written order (following other orders to the same general purport) by the direction in which an excited and insubordinate officer pointed his finger, decided the fate of the Light Brigade. Captain Nolan had just come into that part of the field, and was presumably not acquainted with his new "bearings," and a variation of twenty degrees in the direction he indicated by his pointing made all the difference between the intended object of attack and the dreadful "valley of death."

The order was verbally communicated by Lord Lucan to Lord Cardigan, who sat mounted in front of his brigade. The latter respectfully pointed out the desperate nature of the enterprise, but on being told those were the positive orders, saluted the Lieutenant-General, and ordered the Light Brigade to advance. An important issue was subsequently raised between Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, the former insisting that he had given discretion as to how far to advance, the latter maintaining that he had received explicit orders to attack the battery at the lower end of the valley, a mile and a quarter distant. At all events, this was what he undertook to do.

The regiments engaged in this charge were the 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers (forming the first line), the 11th Hussars (in the second line) and the 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars (in the third line). Lord Cardigan rode several horse-lengths in front, and kept his advanced position, firing alone the distant enemy and the fearful valley that lay between. The advance was begun at a slow pace, purposely kept down because of the great distance to be covered. The direction of the charge was from the first straight at the far-off battery, Lord Cardigan riding at the fire of the central gun.

Before they had gone a hundred paces, Captain Nolan, who had of his own accord accompanied the brigade, suddenly rode across the front of Lord Cardigan—much to the latter's amazement and indignation—excitedly waving his sword to the troops and shouting to them. It appeared like one more act of insubordination, and a very senseless one at that. But, judged in the light of the true meaning of Lord Raglan's orders and of Nolan's knowledge of them, it was a very significant performance. He was riding and motioning the wrongly-directed cavalymen toward the redoubts on the ridge, where lay the guns they were sent out to capture. If it would have been a better way for him to secure the needed change of direction by speaking to Lord Cardigan, he had no opportunity to rectify his mistake, for while he was still bearing toward the right and waving his sword, a fragment from a bursting shell pierced his heart, and the lips which had the saving message upon them were sealed forever with the word unspoken.

Such was the origin of the "blunder," and such the reason why it was not rectified by the one man who knew in what the blunder consisted. Further details of the charge itself need not now be given. The general character of it is familiar—that they went down the valley under a heavy fire from three directions, charged the battery and drove off the gunners, and then—such of them as came back—manned, after varied and severe adventures, to extricate themselves and return, still mired by cross-firing, but in a measure protected by the smoke.

The consternation with which this performance was witnessed, as soon as its real direction was comprehended, may be imagined. The well-ordered squadrons—ten in number—advanced down the valley, gradually quickening their gait to racing speed; a shell bursts in

front of Nolan, and the last hope of saving the brigade disappears; the batteries open fire and men roll from their saddles; riderless horses wander anxiously about, missing the familiar hand of the master; wounded men drag themselves back out of the reach of missiles; the squadrons approach the batteries, just visible through the smoke, and disappear; the guns no longer belch forth sound and flame; the smoke now obscures everything; the Light Brigade is swallowed up, and through the blackness and the silence there comes no tidings of them: their fate is left to the imagination!

The Heavy Brigade, meanwhile, was not suffered to repose on its laurels of the morning encounter, but was taken some distance down the valley (within range of the batteries, from which it suffered considerable losses) to act in support of the Light Brigade; but as the chance of relieving that without sacrificing the "Heavies" also seemed hopeless, and as the increasing pace of Cardigan's squadrons had now carried them nearly out of sight, Lord Lucan reluctantly withdrew General Scarlett's men out of range of the fire. Here again was lost the only opportunity of gaining advantage from a well-delivered, if ill-conceived, charge. So well had the Russian cavalry learned their lesson in the morning that when the Light Brigade had passed through the battery and confronted them drawn up behind the guns, the Russian squadrons melted away like dew before them. Said General de Todleben, the brilliant defender of Sebastopol, "Cardigan flung himself against the Don Cossack battery, which was in advance, ordered the gunners, then charged our cavalry, utterly overthrew it, and advanced far beyond the line of the redoubts in pursuit." Had the Heavy Brigade followed this up, as they were eager to do—General Scarlett endeavored to stop the retreat—something might have been gained in return for the sacrifices already made. As it was, the fruitless and destructive enterprise of the Light Brigade caused the Russians to renew their grip on the territory they had acquired, and gave pause to the plans of the English for recapture, and brought about their final acquiescence in the Russian occupation of the hills and the redoubts on the ridge. As this occupation included the "metels" road leading up to the camps on the Chernomere, the result of Balaklava was to prepare the way for the terrors of the approaching winter, which were more fatal than many charges against overpowering numbers or in the teeth of blazing batteries.

When the Light Brigade was mustered after its return from the valley, there were present and mounted one hundred and ninety-five men out of the six hundred and seventy-three that had started. The actual loss was, however, reduced by a final examination to one hundred and thirteen killed and one hundred and thirty-four wounded. Over five hundred horses were killed and wounded. Lord Cardigan had his brigade formed and said: "Men! it is a mad-brained trick, but it is no fault of mine." They replied: "Never mind, my lord; we are ready to go again!" Well might he answer them as he did—"No, no; you have done enough!"

Such are the outlines of these two brilliant charges. No attempt has been made to describe them minutely. For that, the reader is referred to Mr. Alexander W. Kinglake's work on "The Invasion of the Crimea," upon which this narrative is based without going beyond its facts or conclusions. It contains much more than mere military history; indeed, its charms for the general reader predominate. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Kinglake for his courtesy in permitting the use of diagrams from his work, and especially for his

active interest in procuring for use in connection with this article the portraits of Lord Raglan, General Scarlett and Lord Cardigan. That of the former is engraved (enlarged) from a photograph of a painting in possession of Lord Raglan's family; those of Scarlett and Cardigan are after photographs from life, the former being considerably enlarged. The likenesses are said to be excellent, and cannot fail to be of interest. It seems possible to detect in them the character of the achievements for which the individuals are famed—in General Scarlett, the bluff, simple-hearted, modest soldier, quick to see and prompt to do a daring act; in Lord Cardigan, the cool self-possession which serves to carry a man through danger that cannot be resisted by a defensive parry or a blow, but must be endured in silence; and in Lord Raglan, the calm, serene dignity that accompanies experience, far-sighted grasp of broad but intricate problems, and the consciousness of great responsibilities to be discharged with insufficient means. For the portrait of Captain Nolan we are indebted to Professor Charles E. West, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, when he added to his fine collection of pictures a number from the effects of Sir Edward Temple, of London, who was much interested in Captain Nolan, obtained among them the water-color from which this was taken.

It is a curious fact that neither of the officers who led these charges had ever seen service in the field before. Lord Cardigan, although fifty-seven years old when appointed to his command, had spent his military career in peace service, and was thought to have acquired in that way some ultra-military notions, which led him to construe his orders with a strictness better adapted to the barracks than to operations in the field in the presence of an enemy. But if it was this that kept him in his position at the foot of the Chernomere steep, and restrained him from flinging the weight of his squadrons on the flank of the Russian cavalry while Scarlett's dragoons were hammering at their front, so it was this same strict obedience to orders that carried him so bravely down the valley and into the battery, under circumstances that might have led a more experienced officer to assume to exercise such discretion as he might infer from the circumstances would be justified. It was this devotion to a dangerous, a fatal duty which glorified the charge of the Light Brigade. General Scarlett also was well advanced in age, being fifty-five years old when he made his splendid charge, which no young officer, with all the enthusiasm and dash of early manhood, could have surpassed. But although he flashed his maiden sword at the head of his Heavy Brigade, his years of peace service had neither obscured his quick realization of the necessities laid upon him by unexpected events, nor diminished his power to combine, in the presence of a powerful foe, great valor and cool self-restraint. Notwithstanding this honorable exception, however, it has been considered that the age and lack of experience on the part of the cavalry officers in this battle—Lord Lucan, also a "peace service" officer, was fifty-four—was in a great measure accountable for its mistakes.

But the fact remains that on that day, a generation ago, the soldiers of a race whose inheritance is common to Americans, performed two splendid acts of bravery and prowess, which the English-speaking world will not suffer to die out of mind. The Light Brigade has long been a synonym for duty and valor. The Heavy Brigade should share this praise in equal degree, while its performance at Balaklava should be added to the list of dangerous enterprises successfully conducted.

HENRY W. B. HOWARD.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION MARLAND

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNCLE ARCHIE passed four days in town, sleeping, breakfasting and dining at the "Columbian," devoting his forenoons to business, giving afternoons and evenings to us. On Sunday morning we went to the First Presbyterian Church. The Dalneys were Episcopalians. Miss Virginia had proposed that we should attend the Presbyterian place of worship out of compliment to her guests. She and Uncle Archie, Miss Harry, Mr. Bradley and myself formed the party. We drove down the hill in the family carriage, and walked home at noon, strolling slowly up the irregular ascent in the sunshine that furnished the pineapple on the spire of the old church in the valley beneath us into a pyramidal flame against a sky of exquisite clearness and color. Miss Virginia held my arm in her right, her left resting on her attendant's hand, as was the custom in polite society. Once Uncle Archie said gently to her:

"I do not feel your weight. Your hand might be a little gray farther on my sleeve. Do you never accept more assistance from an escort? Are you so independent?"

"You have named the very trait in which I am most deficient. I am a sad coward, morally and physically."

"Ah! that you cannot make me believe. I have known you too long and too well."

I worked my fingers in the design of slipping them out of her clasp, and falling back to walk with Miss Harry, whose relations with Mr. Bradley were, I was sure, many removes from tender. The gray glove tightened upon the restless digits in determination I could not resist. Flattered, in spite of my disappointment on Uncle Archie's account, I wondered if he might not come to consider her inconveniently fond of me. With very nebulous notions of the etiquette of wooing and being won, I conceived artless stratagems of leaving the lovers to themselves evolved from the germinal principle that they had much to say they would not like others to hear. I mourned secretly at the paucity of opportunities that fell to them on this, the last day of Uncle Archie's stay in Richmond. Mr. Bradley dined on Sundays with the Dalneys, in whose hospitable abode he was already received as a privileged family friend. Miss Harry seconded my awkward maneuvers ably by keeping him in close attendance upon her, and I took my book and cricket to a front window, as far as I could get them and myself from both couples. Uncle Archie did not fret or sulk, as a more mercurial suitor might have done, at the seeming impossibility of securing a private interview. His demerence was, to the general eye, absolutely the same, whether he talked with the mother or the daughter. Mr. Bradley's eyes said more gallant things to Harry Macon in ten minutes than the grave, kind ones bent upon her friend's face would or could express in as many days. Friendly he was always—sometimes brotherly in continual thoughtfulness of her comfort and remembrance of her views and wishes. Lovingly he was not in the sight of others as loveliness is usually exhibited.

In the afternoon we attended service at the Monu-

mental Church. It is now a quaint, shabby little octagonal temple that, but for the mournful interest clinging to the tomb in the vestibule, would long ago have made way for other structures. At the date of this, my first visit to it, it was less than twenty years old and the fashionable church of the city. I forgot to watch and plan for the lovers in the emotions awakened by the place. The surpliced clergyman, the stately service, known to me hitherto only by such maimed rites as I had witnessed on the Episcopal Sabbath at Old Singinville, where perhaps a dozen worshippers at most were provided with prayer-books, the roll and peal of the organ—wrought me up to a state of exaltation. I naturally mistook for devotion. I sat motionless, my eyes full of tears, rapt in ecstasy and dream. The full-voiced responses moved me to a fervor of petition felt by few others present. The chants brought before me visions of Solomon's Temple and priestly processions led by Asaph, or, it might be, by the Royal Musician in person, making a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob with the timbrel, the pleasant harp and the psaltary.

"It helped me to understand the Psalms," wrote I priggishly to Aunt Maria in the letter Uncle Archie was to take with him on the morrow. "I suppose it is a horrid thing to say, but I do wish my great-grandfather had not gone to hear Samuel Davies and turned into a Presbyterian."

On our way out we passed to look at the monument in the porch, Major Dalney kindly waiting for me while I read the names lettered on the four sides, and telling me many particulars of the catastrophe that led to the erection of the church. He had been himself present at the burning of the theatre, and, pleased by the eager interest excited by his mention of this fact, took me into the yard surrounding the building to describe the play-house, how the fire originated, and the rapid progress of the tragedy. He showed me where stood Gilbert Hunt, the stalwart negro blacksmith, still living in Richmond, who caught twenty men and women as they leaped or fell from the windows, and, as we walked up the street, entered into a detailed narration of the event, the particulars of which were indelibly stamped on my mind.

He was at the theatre on the night of December 26, 1811, with his first wife, Miss Virginia's mother.

"We were with a party of friends in the lower tier of boxes," he said. "When the alarm was raised I said to my wife, 'Keep perfectly still and obey my directions.' I then jumped over the front of the box into the pit, held up my arms and told her to come to me. She was light and agile, and obeyed without a second's hesitation. The other ladies followed, and I hurried them out before the passage and stairs were choked by the crowd. My friend, Honorable Abraham Venable, a distinguished citizen, and the president of the Bank of Virginia, was in the box next to mine. As I leaped into the pit I heard him say, 'Not a person shall stir from this box until I give the word.' He supposed that the panic would subside in season to allow an orderly escape. Every one of his party perished. My dear young friend, Lieutenant Gibbon—a noble fellow!—tried

to carry out in his arms poor Sally Conyers, to whom he was engaged. She fainted at the first alarm. Both were lost."

He stopped, staided himself upon the right leg, brought the heel of the advanced left foot back with a flourish, to sit into the hollow of the right, and swept, with hat in hand, a profound bow to a lady just crossing the street in front of us.

"Good afternoon, madam! I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well! My dear"—to me when she was beyond earshot—"she was there that night! You observe that she limps slightly? She fractured her leg in jumping from a window. Mr. Marshall, from Wythe County—an excellent gentleman—broke his neck in the leap from the same window a moment afterward. Poor Robert Greenhow was thrown down the stairs, over the heads of the crowd struggling to escape, holding his little boy in his arms. Both escaped with their lives, but Mrs. Greenhow was among the victims. Do you see that house over there?" designating a frame dwelling on a parallel street. "Early next morning—very early, for nobody in Richmond slept that night, and I had been back and forth to the theatre for hours—I was passing that house and saw on the porch Mrs. Green, the actress who had played 'The Bleeding Nun' the night before. She was still in the white dress, streaked with red paint, in which she had played her part; her hair was streaming down her back, and she was wringing her hands and shrieking out the name of her daughter—'pretty Nancy Green,' they called her, poor child!—who had been burned alive in the theatre. That was real tragedy! I pray Heaven I may never look upon the like again! A cousin of my wife tied on her cloak in a hurry that evening, on being told that her escort was waiting for her, and pulled the cherry ribbon-strings into a hard knot. She was fretted, and jerked at them impatiently, only to tie them more tightly. At the theatre she made another effort to undo the knot, then tried to break the strings. They were new and strong, and sewed on securely, and, in a very bad humor, she let them alone. When she was dragged through the crowd into the street, more dead than alive, all her clothing had been torn from her in the struggle excepting this cloak, still tied about her neck, and her shoes, which were laced about her ankles."

"Theatres must be very wicked places!" ventured I, shudderingly. "I should be afraid ever to go into one. I suppose this fire was sent as a judgment to teach people not to attend plays."

The veteran's eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"Churches burn down sometimes," he said. "And dwelling-houses oftener than churches. Solomon's Temple was burned two or three times, and at last the foundations were sowed with salt. I've long since given up trying to interpret the judgments of Divine Providence. Richmond will never know a sadder week than that which followed on the heels of our Christmas twenty years ago. My dear wife could never see a play-bill again without horror. I haven't the same feeling exactly, but I am glad a church was built on the site of that theatre."

We walked on silently for a square or two, the thump of his stout cane on the brick-pavement the loudest sound in the Subatlantic stillness. From the river in which the fair city bathes her feet came a ceaseless, languorous murmur—the wash of the rapid- over hidden rocks and past greening islets. The delicious weather of the past week had recalled blue-birds and robins to the spacious gardens that were the pride of affluent citizens, and encouraged a few impatient spring flowers to peep out of

the black mould in sunny borders. I have known no penefuller town-Suburb than those of the Richmond of by-gone days. It was more like the leisurely calm of a country village of our time, which progress has forgotten to visit for a hundred years or so—such as Deerfield and Old Hadley—than the bustling liveliness of a capital that now numbers five times as many inhabitants as then made it the commercial metropolis of the Old Dominion. Everybody knew everybody else, at least by sight. Acquaintances stopped on Main Street on week-days to exchange elaborate compliments. On Sundays they turned to saunter squares out of their way for the sake of ten minutes' neighborly converse.

Major Dabney shook hands with dozens of people in our walk homeward, and presented all to "My young friend, Miss Judith Trueheart." To some he added: "Granddaughter of Sterling Bend, of Summerfield. You knew her grandparents." To others: "The daughter of our old friend, Tom Trueheart, of Bellair. You must remember Tom?"

Nearly all thus addressed did know my grandparents, or were happy to meet Tom Trueheart's daughter. Two desired to be remembered to my mother, and four remarked on my resemblance to my Huguenot ancestors. One rubicund citizen was accented in still different fashion.

"Gwathmey! I want you to take a particularly good look at this young lady. You were dying with love for her mother once. It is a pity you are getting too bald and fit to wait for her daughter!"

The Major rolled through his world like a social solar orb, infusing geniality and good cheer into all absorbent natures. He had inherited a handsome patrimony, and each of his wives had brought him a comfortable fortune. Like four-fifths of contemporary gentlemen, he had studied law, but had given up the pretense of practice before he was forty. He was a "good liver," without the slightest tendency to dissipation, and found sufficient occupation for mind and body in reading English and American journals, looking after the investments of his capital, in the society of a chosen body of friends of his own stamp, and in making wife and children happy. Mrs. Boulin's "Lor! let's be comfortable!" should have been lettered on the coat-of-arms that hung over the mantel in the Major's "study." The fine irony of the name was appreciated by the visitor at the first glance at the den in the rear of the family sitting-room. It was a study that reeked with tobacco-smoke, was adorned with prints of famous race-horses and hounds, and boasted of no literature beyond bulky files of newspapers piled on tables and in corners, and "Roderick Random," "Tom Jones," "Peregrine Pickle" and "Tiverton Shandy," put up on a very high shelf over the door to be "out of the children's way."

In political faith the Major was ardent and pugnacious, granted (for the sake of argument) that "Tom" Ritchie, the *Nestor of the Equizer*, was a gentleman, sir—no question of it, if a Democrat can be a gentleman—of which, the Lord forgive me! I have serious doubts sometimes, sir, 'pon my word I have; but the blood of souls will be found in his skirts, as upon other leaders of that most dangerous and d-d-dishful party, sir!" and served his conscience and country on election day by riding hard between sunrise and sundown to plump his vote for the Whig candidates at the polls of four separate counties, in which he held real estate for that purpose and that alone. Ten men voted upon as many slices of his plantation in Hanover, and he was a freeholder in Chesterfield, Goochland and Powhatan,

In the last-named county the doughty partisan had more than once or twice saved the day for the Whigs by driving in to the Court House, less than an hour before sundown, at the head of a cordon of twenty or thirty other patriots from the city, all land-owners in the disputed district, and therefore entitled to cast ballots for the local candidate. Voting was lively work under the old regime of "free, white, twenty-one, and a landholder to the amount of at least twenty-five dollars."

For religion the Major entertained a profound respect, for the Church the affectionate preference of a son baptized but never confirmed in her communion. He pitied honest Dissenters, meeting out to them the same measure of Christian toleration he bestowed upon the hapless victims of circumstance who were born outside of Virginia. His reverence for womanhood was sincere and openly expressed. Toward the women of his household his demeanor was chivalrous, his observance of the punctilios of courtesy and deference as exact as was consistent with his jolly heartiness of manner. I—the eleven-year-old pet of his daughter—was "Miss Judith" to him always. In the third week of my residence under his roof he ordered his eldest son from the breakfast-table for chancing to omit the ceremonious prefix from my name. His tastes were not intellectual, but he was not a fool, and he must have known that his wife was, yet he was kindly-affectioned toward her, and stiffened the limp wand of her authority over those boisterous spirits, Wickham and Archer, by such appliances as a stout English oath or two, administered upon occasion to the former, and an orthodox housewhipping to the younger.

What he and his amiable wife thought of the behavior of the elder of the lads in walking from The Monumental with his sister and Uncle Archie I had no means of knowing. Wickham boldly, and to his mother's dismay, averred his intention of settling on the Hanover plantation as soon as he should be permitted to cast aside books and tutors. He had heard much said in praise of Mr. Read's puerile husbandry, and talked farm with him industriously all the way up town, somewhat, I suspect, to the scandal of Summerfield notions of Sabbath-day conversation. We found them still at it when we entered the parlor, or, to state the case more accurately, the youth loud in exposition of certain agricultural theories he had formulated through much diligent study of *The Country Gentleman*. Uncle Archie hearkened with outward good-humor, the patient show of interest that had not deserted him while each minute of the walk thus consumed had been a pearl dropped from the fast-thinning string to be left empty with the "Good-by" spoken that night.

I was heartily indignant. Not more with the thoughtless boy than with Mr. Bradley, whose pupil he was, and who might have called him off upon one pretext or another. Knowing his friend as he did, and more than suspecting his secret, as he must, with the fine perceptions that were ever on the alert, his engrossment at this juncture in the lad's tale he was carrying on with Miss Harry was inexcessively selfish.

"Take Miss Judith's cloak and bonnet up stairs, Wickham, my son!" ordered the Major. "Come to the fire, my dear young lady. It is turning deucedly cold, Mr. Read. You will have a disagreeable ride to-morrow. Better stay a day or two longer. A frosty snap can't last long at this season, if the old folks do say:

"As the days begin to lengthen
Then the cold begins to strengthen."

While Uncle Archie explained why he must decline

the invitation, I crept up to him and laid my head upon his shoulder. He drew me silently to his knee, kept his arm about me, while the others gathered around the fire and the talk became general. Once, in the dull red obscurity of blending twilight and fire-glow, he pressed his lips upon my hair, and I clung more closely to him, but neither of us spoke to the other. What need was there of speech? He was always sure on which side my inmost sympathies were to be found; knew that one heart besides his was aching under thoughts of the approaching parting. I think—I hope it was some poor comfort to him to feel that he left so staunch an ally near her whom he would woo, although what poor influence I had must be exerted indirectly.

Our supper was more than usually profuse, in honor of the day and guests. Mrs. Dabney expressed her pleasure in the present enjoyment of dear Mr. Read's company in a smothered chicken, smoking hot and savory; her grief in the prospect of his departure in sponge-cake and cream-whips, studded with peach-kernels; dropped extra lumps of sugar into his coffee, and a penative trickle of regrets into his ears while he eat and drank. There was a deal of laughing and talking among the others, in which I was gratified to see that Miss Virginia bore a minor part. The repast over, we adjourned to the parlor, and had scored music for an hour, just as in what I already thought of, as the "dear old times," when three of the quartette sat on the porch-steps and sang, the summer moonlight penetrating silhouettes of sweetbrier and honeysuckle-vines on floor and steps—the floor and steps Uncle Archie's feet would press to-morrow night, while his heart would be here!

Did they remember those of *free* concerts? and remembering, regret? Did Mr. Bradley, standing at the end of the mantel, marking time with a white forefinger? Or Miss Virginia, supplying a soft second, sometimes inaudible beneath the volume of Harry Macdon's soprano? Did Uncle Archie, while his eyes never strayed from the music-book to the face of her who held it with him?

The piano was never opened on Sunday. "It did not look well," thought Mrs. Dabney. "People passing by might think we were playing worldly music—for enjoyment, you know." The young people sang without accompaniment hymn after hymn, coming at length to the fugue they had practiced together that Thursday night in August, when Mammy and I listened in the upper chamber:

"O send Thy light to guide my feet."

"We need Maria's voice in that," remarked Miss Virginia when it was finished. "You must tell her, Mr. Read, that we sang it and more than wished for her."

"It always reminds me of her," said Mr. Bradley, turning the leaves. "But you took the part very well."

"Maria sings it. I go through with it!" was the answer. "I think that is just the difference between us in many things. She would live and elevate and enjoy a poor life. I just drift and dream."

Both men looked at her. One spoke, so low that the words were lost to the other two in Miss Harry's exclamation over a tune she "had been wanting to hear for ages," and just then discovered in the collection before her. She hummed a few bars to make sure that she identified it.

"It pains me when you slander yourself," was what Uncle Archie said, under his breath.

The girl shook her head. "I mean it! If you knew me, you would acknowledge the truth of what I say."

"Don't I know you?"

His smile that, slight as it was, held playful tenderness and triumph, told how he answered the question to himself.

Another negative gesture and a deeper shadowing of the eyes raised in sad fearlessness to his.

"What do you say to 'Old Denmark'?" ("old" even then!) cried Mr. Bradley, in sudden animation. "And here comes Major Dabney, just in time! We are waiting for you, Major! Are you all ready?" giving key and chord in his pleasant tenor voice.

The Major spat into the fire, scraped his throat with a lusty "Ahem!" thrust both hands into his pockets, cast the weight of his puffy body well upon his heels, and prepared to take Denmark. As he sang he tilted back and forth, raising heels and toes alternately, enjoying his own performance with all his might.

"Now, 'Lenox!'" he said, while the "sounding praise" yet reverberated in the upper halls, and the sweet jingle of the pendants of the candelabra was not quite stilled.

His stentorian tones led off:

"Ye tribes of Adam join
With Heaven and earth and seas.
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise."

Then came the burst in which his soul—and mine—delighted:

"Ye holy throng of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song!"

How they—our forbears—loved those pealing fugues, with their billowy rush and chase, continued with increasing energy until to the uninitiated it seemed inevitable that the tune must be beaten to death by the quickly succeeding surges—and the "diapason closing fell" upon the long open note where counter and tenor met together, base and treble kissed each other!

"Ah!" sighed the Major sentimentally, but in no wise spent by his efforts. "You should have heard your aunt, Mrs. Waddell, then Miss Betsey Preston, sing those tunes in her youth, Mr. Bend! I could have listened forever! And 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty' and 'A Rose-Tree in Full Bearing' and 'The Galley Slave's Lament,' or

"Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly
Most musical, most melancholy?"

They used to say of your mother and her that 'their black eyes slew their thousands, their angel voices their ten thousands.' Young men could pay compliments in those times! They had tongues in their heads and knew how to use them. When one employs such language nowadays, he is ridiculed as romantic. I don't know what we are coming to, in courtship, religion or politics!"

The jeremiad was cut short by the entrance of two young men, who called to invite the ladies to accompany them to Trinity Church (Methodist) where a powerful revival was in progress. Upon reception of civil declinations of their offer, they decided to remain and spend the evening with the fair ones they could not allure abroad.

At half-past ten the company broke up. I had sat in a corner with my book, too jealous for my uncle's happiness to be drowsy, too intent upon watching for the possible opportunity of saying a few words aside to her he loved that might yet be vouchsafed to him by fate, to care to notice one of the new-comers. I did observe the other, because he haunted the vicinity of Miss Virginia, in overt defiance of conventional rule and criticism. He was in love with her, and did not care who

knew it, I concluded, disgustedly. Such a cackling fop he was, with his mirthless snigger and ruffled shirt-front and the monstrous watch-chain pendant from his fob! His coat was of the latest fashionable tint, "invisible green." The Dabneys' butler, Esopas, himself a dandy, called it "billions green." Our bean's waistcoat was of black velvet, as were the collar and cuffs of the coat. His pantaloons were gray, corded at the seams with black. His shirt-collar and wristbands and embroidered satin stock were miracles of stiffness and gloss. This was the being who stole two hours—most dear, because the last—of Miss Virginia's society from the man who listened to Mrs. Dabney when she was in the room, and when she had gone talked quietly on one side of the hearth with Mr. Bradley while Miss Harry was captivating the stranger gullible, at whom I did not cast a second glance. Nor did I catch his name. Major Dabney had greeted his companion as "Ned Allen."

Uncle Archie made the motion of departure, Mr. Bradley rising at the same time, and saying that he would walk down town with him. The others could not stay behind after this decided measure, but they stood about exasperatingly, voluble with banter and compliment while Uncle Archie made his adieu.

"Give my love—my dearest love—to Maria, and say that I shall write as usual, every fortnight," said Miss Virginia, her hand resting in his a little—just a very little longer than Harry Mason's had done. "And you may all be satisfied that we will do our best to make Judith strong and rosy again."

"And to spoil her?" he asked smilingly.

She had one of my hands in hers. He took the other as he spoke, and bent down to kiss me. I clasped both behind his neck in an unvoiced paroxysm of love and regret. He drew me into the hall to whisper comfort.

"Be brave, dear! You will be very happy here. I shall come for you when you are ready to go home. You and I know how glad I shall be of an excuse to pay another visit soon."

He comprehended that this renewed token of his belief in my sense and discretion would extract much of the bitterness from the parting. Miss Virginia pricked my forehead while she helped me undress, and tucked me up in bed. Then she lay down by me, my fingers folded in hers, until I sank into a sweet sleep.

This must have lasted an hour or more when I awoke, thirty—a natural sequence of my supper. The two girls, wrapped in bedroom gowns, sat over the fire in cozy converse.

"Indeed—indeed, you are mistaken, Harry!" were the first words I heard. "It would break my heart to believe it. He isn't a marrying man. He has more family cares than most men of double his age. I didn't understand this, for a while; I fancied that he liked me, and I certainly liked him—and I'm ashamed to tell it even to you—one day I tried to make him speak out! I forced him to talk of himself, and showed how much interested I was in him and his plans. My cheeks burn this minute when I recollect it. My dear! he shied off! There is no other word for it. Then came all the sores and excitements of last summer, and I think they helped cure me—"

"Miss Virginia!" said I, sitting up, in a courageous exercise of self-denial, for I was tingling with curiosity. "Will you please give me a drink of water?"

"Does our talking disturb you?" she inquired, as I drained the tumbler.

"No, ma'am, but I can hear what you say when I am awake."

"Little truth-teller!" She laughed and kissed my



"THE TWO GIRLS, WRAPPED IN BEDDING GOWNS, SAT OVER THE FIRE IN COZY CONVERSE."

forehead. "You will not be much the wiser for what you hear."

She believed what she said. That she was partly right, the event proved.

"What were we speaking of?" she said, returning to her seat by the fire.

"Of Edward Donellan," answered Miss Harry, and both laughed.

A baby could have seen through a trick so flimsy as the substitution of the novelist's hero's name for one so much like it! But they may not have known that I had heard Major Dabney's address to the aggressively-visible guest in the invisible-green coat.

"Edward Donellan is a nobleman," continued Miss Virginia. "Too good, too nearly perfect for such a scrap-tag of follies and faults as I am. I could never live up to his standard, even if he wanted me to do it. I will not believe that he does, or ever did. He must not—now!"

"Virginia Dabney!" Harry's handsome face spoke volumes of suspicious inquiry.

The other hid hers in her hands for an instant, then confronted her friend, laughing, blushing and defensive.

"Even those terrible eyes cannot draw out a confession when there is nothing to tell! I did fancy myself—with a girl's fancy—in love with Mr. Donellan a hundred years ago. I am clean out of love with him now. That is the whole story."

"When a stronger than he cometh he taketh from him all the armor wherewith he trusted, and divideth the spoils," said Harry seriously. "In this case it is the weak who has overcome the strong. If ever man was worth waiting for, this one is. And you are not blind nor deaf nor silly. I lose patience with your affectation of disbelief in his devotion to you."

"Perhaps you are in his confidence?"

As she put the question she lay back in her arm-chair, lured her fingers behind her head, and lifted one tiny foot to the grate. Her hair was unbound, and shawled her as she sat.

"Her hair, shedding sparks from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arms to make the gold strings."

quoted Harry, eyeing her in affectionate admiration. "Who could help loving you, beautiful witch! No! Mr. Donellan has never intimated to me the nature of his feeling for you. His sister—the married one—let fall a few words once that would have opened my eyes had they been shut. You know she is my particular friend. I suspect she had match-making designs upon us at one time—"

"That would settle the matter beautifully!" eagerly, "Yes—Harry!"

"Don't be imbecile, Virginia Dabney! You know we wouldn't marry one another were we the first—or the last—man and woman in the world!"

The tart retort checked the dialogue. Virginia leaned against the brown cushions of her chair, the fair face enrayed by the golden curls. If she had met Disappointment at one turn in her walk through the well-kept garden of her life, he had withdrawn his shadow before the crystal wells of her eyes were clouded. The unrestrained ease of attitude, the tranquil dreaminess of mood belonged to a woman heart-whole and fancy-free. That she had never really suffered was plain. That she could ever endure and live and smile and be fair through the wrestle with love unrepaid, desertion, unkindness, seemed absurd.

Harry Macon sat upright, her locked hands lying on her lap, staring straight into the grate, a vivid picture

in her crimson wrapper, her hair tumbling about her shoulders, but put quite away from her face.

"I have seen the man I am to marry—twice—within the last week!" she uttered abruptly, by-and-by.

"Who is he?" Her friend was aroused and intent. "I do not know yet. I shall soon—I think!"

"Harriet Byron Macon! are you crazy—or trying to quiz me? Where did you meet him?"

"At the corner of a street. I have forgotten the name of it. In front of a large brick house just there with a garden at one side. A two-story house, an oblong octagon in shape—an odd-looking affair, with three arches opening into a porch inclosed on three sides, and overhanging with vines. The sun was shining on the red walls and white porch, and there were violets in bloom somewhere near, for I smelled them. He came around the corner and met me face to face, looked into my eyes, and I knew him at once. He lifted his hat and was gone. The next time we met in the same place. But he spoke to me very softly. It was like the music we hear in our sleep sometimes. He said, 'Beloved as thou art!' Just those words. I can hear them now."

Virginia was gazing at her in utter bewilderment.

"Is this fiction or fact?" she queried between petulances and amusement.

"A dream, my dear—none the less a fact. The surest sort of a fact—that which people call 'prophecy'—and twice given. Look in your Bible there for Genesis xii: 33."

"I am not good—I shall never be wise," she went on while the other looked for the passage, "but I believe in the Bible. All of the Macons believe in dreams. Some of us have the gift of second-sight."

A fair face, grave to earnestness, looked from the open Bible to the seeress.

"What was he like?"

"Like Saul for height and strength, like Apollo for beauty, and I felt at his feet and worshipped him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS VIRGINIA was to have gone with us that morning. I often speculate as to what change might have been wrought in one life had the original plan been carried out. For an important purchase was the order of the day, even party dresses for the two young ladies. I was to make the round of certain stores with them, and we had our bonnets on when country friends called on Mrs. Dabney and her daughter.

The latter was disappointed, but rallied swiftly to propose the next best thing.

"This afternoon will do as well for our shopping. But the weather is too beautiful for you to stay in the house. Go out for a walk. Judith has never been to Gamble's Hill. The view will be fine to-day, the air is so clear."

To Gamble's Hill we accordingly bent our steps. There was then but one house upon the summit, the family seat that gave the eminence the name it bears. The "white house" familiar to the readers of "Wirt's Life and Letters" still looks down upon city and river, but it is gray with years and mournful of mien. The beholder whose thoughts are with the past glories of Richmond need not strain his imagination in order to detect a survey of sad annals in window-frames, disadorned calm in the broad stretch of the roof as the shadows of smart new buildings peep nearer and nearer the massive walls. While we strolled to and fro on the turf, enjoying sunshine, breeze and land-scape, Miss Harry told me the history of William Wirt's courtship. How Mrs. Gamble, whose father owned the house before us, while she would not marry a drunkard, yet loved him

for what he had been and could be, and was faithful to that memory and possibility. How, as he lay one day in a lumpy stupor by the roadside, she chanced to walk that way, and covered the flushed face with a delicate cambric handkerchief marked with her name. When he awoke, some children told him that "a beautiful lady" had been his Good Samaritan. In an agony of shame, love and gratitude, the sobered man vowed to himself and to Heaven to shake off the debasing vice, and kept his word.

I give the anecdote on the authority of those who claimed to know whereof they spoke. At the same time I admit that it may possibly come under the censure pronounced by Wirt's biographer upon "coarse and disgusting charges of vulgar excess, which I am persuaded," the writer affirms, "are utterly groundless."

Kennedy's description of his hero's foible is mellifluous rhetoric:

"We may not wonder that, in the symposia of those days, the graver maxims of caution were forgotten, and that the enemy of human happiness, always lying at lurch to make prey of the young, should sometimes steal upon his guard and make his virtue prisoner."

"I don't see how she could love a drunkard," was my comment upon Miss Harry's story.

"He loved her, Sweetbrier! He was tender and true to her. Falsehood and bitter words are among the things that kill love at the root."

I looked up into her face, comprehending the words, but hardly the tone.

"Nobody could be false or unkind to you, Miss Harry!"

"Thank you, dear," as simply as I had uttered the naïve compliment. "Unkindness would be hard for me to bear. I have been petted all my life."

I remember that we walked down the hill rather soberly, along what is now Fourth Street, through a sparsely-built region. A few manor-houses, environed by gardens, were the dwellings of well-known citizens, and the streets followed the fences and undulations of these grounds in a perfectly accommodating and feudal spirit. We turned down at Main Street, where buildings were hardly more frequent, although the lower end of the street was the busiest part of the town. Before one house was an organ-grinder with a monkey. I squeezed Miss Harry's hand hard.

"You would like to stop and listen, wouldn't you?" said she, kindly. "So should I."

We waited on the sidewalk opposite while the musician ground out "Home, Sweet Home" and sang "Buy a Broom" to an organ accompaniment, his wife henting a tambourine. My eyes filled with tears while I listened. Neither the Freybourg organ nor the sweetest of Swedish songsters brought such pure, sweet drops to my lids in years when I knew—more or less?

Miss Harry gave me a silver sixpence to put in the hat the monkey passed around, and as I ran across the street to drop it in, followed me with the slow, imperious grace that belonged to her gait.

The Savoyard took off his cap at her approach; his swarthy, pinched-featured wife courted. The little crowd of nebbies, white and black, fell away aghast.

"I thank you, my ladie!" said the man, in humblest respect.

"You are welcome!"

She bowed in recognition of the civility. The Macons were too high-bred for superciliousness. Uncle Archie spoke truly in telling her that she would not maltreat a middy dog, and this man was even farther removed

from her estate than one of her father's pointers or fox-hounds.

She started with me while he played a merry tune to exhibit the miniature dancers in the upper front of the instrument. The modern hand-organ lacks these ornaments, and the rising generation is egregiously defrauded in consequence.

"Thank you!" said Miss Harry, and I echoed the acknowledgment. We walked on, my mind full of the music, my imagination stimulated by the sight of the lively monkey.

"I wish I could see a great many wild animals," I ejaculated. "Bears, lions, elephants—such as we read of."

"Wickham told me last night that a menagerie and circus will be here this week," rejoined my companion. "Perhaps we may go."

"Miss Harry!" in a gasp of rapturous surprise.

She laughed, shaking the head she held back and forth.

"What a nervous elf you are! Get strong fast, and you shall see bears, monkeys and tigers to your heart's content. I smell violets—don't you?"

At this instant some one came so suddenly around the corner of Fifth Street, which we had just reached, as to brush against me and throw me down. I was not hurt, for Miss Harry did not let go my hand. The cause of the mishap laid hold of me on the other side, and the two had me on my feet before I quite grasped the fact of my overthrow.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" said a deep, rich voice regretfully. "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not at all, thank you," stammered I, as Miss Harry did not speak.

She behaved queerly, leaning against the brick wall behind her, very pale and staring incredulously at the stranger. He could not help observing her manner. He uncovered his head, bowed very low and gracefully.

"Forgive my awkwardness, madam! I am afraid that I alarmed you very much. Can I do anything for you? You seem faint."

Faintness never called up such superb coloring as mantled her face at this address. Her smile was brilliant and ineffably sweet; her voice gentle; her eyes seemed unable to leave his.

"I was startled—nothing more! I thank you for picking up my little friend. You were not at all to blame. Good morning!"

She bent her head in passing onward. He bowed again. It was the exchange of salutations between a young duchess and a prince of the blood. He walked down Main Street. We turned up Fifth, along which he had come.

"Judith!" said Miss Harry, in changed accents. "I am a little faint! I must sit down!"

She sank upon the lowest step of the corner house.

"Let me ring the bell and call somebody!" begged I, affrighted.

"No! no! I shall be better directly!"

I stood by her, put my arm about her head that she might rest against my breast. She trembled violently, her hands clasped one another spasmodically.

There was a vacant lot opposite, and while I waited for her to recover, I read mechanically, yet not wholly without interest, the advertisement of

"CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE,
UNDER THE IMMEDIATE SUPERVISION OF
MR. VAN AMBURG.
THE MOST APPROVED
BEAST TANNER IN THE WORLD!"

on a glaring yellow placard six feet square. Beneath the announcement were lions in cages with men's heads in their mouths, and a woman standing on one foot on the back of a careering saddleless horse; and in immense red, white and blue letters, the names of

"MADAMESELLE CAROLINE PICARD
AND
MR. FREDERIC TREVELYAN,
AND

UNEXAMPLED FEATS OF LEAPING AND HIDING!!!"

I was perusing it from top to bottom for the third time when Miss Harry straightened herself up and spoke quite naturally.

"It was very foolish in me to be shocked by such a little thing. But I was utterly unprepared—I am entirely well again. I am glad nobody came by or saw us from the windows."

In rising she turned to look at the house. She had been sitting on the steps of a sort of vestibule. In front were three brick arches; at the back of this was the front door, and on each side of it a window. The frontage of the building was three-sided, a long one taking in the vestibule, two shorter skirting back at obtuse angles to join the ends of the house, making in all an eight-sided edifice. A brick wall inclosed spacious grounds. Tall magnolias arose above the coping, ivies fell in loops and streamers on the street side, and vines clambered over the doorway. Snow-drops were sprouting in the narrow strip of front yard, and the sun-warmed air held the subtle, pervasive scent of early violets.

I grew dizzy under an unaccountable sense of familiarity with it all. Yet where had I seen it, unless in my dreams? A light pierced the whirling fog. This was the place Miss Harry—not I—had seen in the vision she related a fortnight ago—the spot where she was to meet her "fate"—him of whom she had said, "Like *Seul* for height and strength—like *Apollo* for beauty!"

She took my cold hand in hers.

"Your wife was shaken by the fall, I am afraid, dear child! How white you are! Does your head ache?"

"No, ma'am!" I managed to say. "But I feel strange—somehow!"

With the inexplicable reticence of childhood, I approached the truth no more nearly than this. Perhaps she did not know that I had overheard the dream. Or she might not have recalled it herself. Or, and more probably, she did not choose to have me allude to it. The part of genuine politeness in such a case was, I had been instructed to believe, to follow her lead. For all that, my head continued to spin, my whole body to feel as "strange" as if I had drained a glass of champagne. My ankles twisted as I trod pavements that sank and swelled under my feet. We hardly spoke during the rest of our walk. At Major Dalmore's gate my conductor paused, her hand on the latch.

"I have tired you out, Sweetbrier! I am a selfish wretch!"

"Miss Harry Macon! how can you say such a thing!" cried I, excited and shrill.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered she, agitatedly.

A manly step rang on the sidewalk. I saw a rosy aureole sweep over her cheeks and forehead, wondrous light arise in her eyes. Her beautiful head bent in silent response to the mute salutation she received from the stranger who had run me down. I had a good look at him now. He was a model of sunny comeliness and athletic grace, tall, straight, with a Greek profile, Sphal Italian eyes, and a mouth that in its perfect lines and

haughty curves, reminded me of Byron's. A half-smile touched it, and glinted on his eyes as they fell on me—a look of apology, amusement and kindly congratulation; his swift stride slackened, as if he longed to stop and speak, but he contented himself with a respectful bow, removing his hat high from a close crop of dark curls.

Miss Harry stood motionless, her hand on the gate, looking after him until he turned a distant corner. Then she drew a deep breath, the nerve-tension relaxed throughout her frame, but the marvelous luminousness was still in face and eyes.

"Judith!" impressively. "Say nothing of what has happened in the house!"

"I will not!" I engaged readily.

Comprehending intuitively that a secret of moment had accidentally slipped into my hands, I was as much inclined as was she to confuse the knowledge of it to ourselves. For the rest of the day I scarcely dared look at her through fear of betraying her confidence by meaning or embarrassed regards. She was quieter than usual, and the fire-dawn light in her eyes did not go out. But she did her shopping, entering with apparent zest into the selection of the India muslin and satin petticoats that were to be the party costume, and at supper joined in the discussion of the circus plan.

At Miss Virginia's instigation we called it "a menagerie" in Mrs. Dalmore's presence. The good Episcopalian would have been horrified by the mention of ring and clown, and ground-and-lofty-tumbling, but saw no earthly harm in allowing her sons, her young step-daughter and her guests to make up a party under the escort of the Major and Mr. Bradley, "to study natural history."

"For that is what it is if the truth were told," she desisted at the meal served the next evening, an hour earlier than common, that we might get good seats in the tent. "And it must be very improving—very! I shall expect you boys to give me an accurate description of every wild beast set down in Goldsmith's '*Animated Nature*.' I shall look through the book to-night so as to be ready to examine you when you get back. And, Major, dear, I do hope and beg and pray that you won't let them go too near the monkeys! Remember, Archer, how the monkey bit Tommy in the fleshy part of the arm in '*Sandford and Merton*!' You must take extra shawls, all of you, and don't get on a high seat, for pity's sake! for you are heavy, Major, and you know it, and think what it would be to that sweet little Judith to be on the bench should it give way under your weight; nor on a low one, for fear the beasts should get loose and attack the crowd. I suppose I am nervous about crowds, but I came within an ace of going to the theatre, young as I was—but then I turned out 'at fifteen—the night it was burned, and dear me, if I had!"

The night was still and bland, and as we set forth upon our expedition the music of the circus band floated up the hill. I had never heard a brass band until that minute, and the lively strains infused themselves like electricity through my veins. I walked on tip-toe, fell unconsciously into dancing-steps I had never learned.

The Major laughed jovially.

"The music has run down into her heels," he said, pointing at me with his cane, as I tripped before him, between the boys. "It's as natural to dance as to breathe, whatever Presbyterians may say to the contrary, Mr. Bradley."

"Have I denied it, Major? But what of the difference between going to a menagerie and a circus?"

Mr. Bradley had Miss Virginia on his arm, the Major, Miss Harry. The music, and perhaps an exhilarating sense of possible unlawfulness in the frolic, made all hilarious. As we neared the scene of the entertainment, the patter and echo of many other feet heightened the effect of these stimulants. Van Amburg's name gave respectability to what hundreds besides Mrs. Dubney would have reproached.

"After all," observed Mr. Bradley, raising his voice for the advantage of the juvenile trio, "we need not go into the circus tent at all unless we choose. We are banded for the menagerie."

Archer began a protest, nipped at the third word by his brother's energetic "aside."

"Shut up, you silly beggar! He's only quizzing you. Wild horses couldn't keep him out of the big tent, if he is a pious Presbyterian and in love!"

In love with whom? I had just time to decide that some Richmond syren must have the credit of the supposed conquest, and to smile disdainful incredulity, when we came in sight of the encampment. It was on Council Chamber Hill, then a respectable mound, and numbered among the Seven Hills on which the city was built. We climbed the ungraded sides to the main marquée, snowy white in the moonlight. The entrance was packed with young and old. Evidently early sappers had been the rule that evening in town, and good seats were already at a premium. We struggled in with the rest, and it was unanimously resolved that the inspection of the wild-beast cages must be deferred until after "the performance."

"Plenty of time then! plenty of time! and a confounded sight more room!" panted the Major, lunging forward in the wake of the crowd. "I wouldn't have the children miss seeing Van Amburg put his head between the lion's jaws for a hundred dollars. All that sort of thing is in the main tent!"

In which we were presently bestowed, and by rare luck or management in the best possible position for seeing.

"And being seen!" said Miss Harry, running her eyes from tier to tier.

I suspected whom she hoped to recognize in the mixed assembly the town had been decimated to produce. In quick sympathy with the curiosity I imputed to her, I stared with all my might at every masculine head that overtopped its neighbors. "The Prince," as I had named him in my thoughts, was not to be seen. He might despise circuses as low and frivolous—or, what if he had left town? Miss Harry's composure perplexed me. There was not a shade of disappointment in her sunny face, or in the eyes the consciousness of her happy secret never left, as she withdrew them from the mass of spectators and began to chat easily with her party. She sat at one end of the lofty bench nearest the aisle dividing our section of the amphitheatre from the next. Miss Virginia sat by her and then came Mr. Bradley. I was just above and behind Miss Harry, and in a line with the Major and his boys. The beautiful country girl was the object of much and flattering attention. Admiring looks were bent upon her from all sides, and several gentlemen risked the loss of their seats by walking down or up the steep incline to pay their respects. Her manner was easy and affable, her repartees happy and prompt. She seemed intent upon nothing beyond the amusement of the hour. I did not understand how firmly the fatalistic superstition that Time would bring to her her own had rooted itself among her beliefs. Having seen the Prince, she could wait. The lapse of days nor months could make him less hers than she knew him to be.

The performances began with a race of ponies ridden by monkeys, an absurd scamper that wrought boys up to ecstatic yells and put their elders in good humor. Then the clown tumbled into the sawdust arena, to be bullied by the man with the long whip and to non-plus him by stale quips and facetious facetiousness, and Mademoiselle Caroline Peard, in white silk tights and gauze skirts, less brief than her modern successors are privileged to assume in like circumstances, flew around the circle, sitting, standing and leaping through hoops from the bare back of a milk-white charger that raced at full speed the while she pirouetted and vaulted.

The ring was cleared, and a cage on wheels drawn by two gray horses rumbled in. A big head, tawny and majestic, looked with red eyes between the bars. A lioness crouched in one corner. The band played very softly. We heard the uneasy growlings the captive emitted in stalking back and forth in the pitifully-short round. A man walked leisurely into the arena, attired in a closely-fitting suit of black velvet. In his hand he carried a bamboo walking-stick that a touch of the lion's paw would have snapped as a straw. He opened a slide at the back of the cage, slipped in and shut the grating behind him. The beast growled savagely and was answered by the lioness. The band gibed into the mournful melody of Moore's "Farewell, farewell to thee, Arab's Daughter," as the man fell on his knees and thrust the top of his head between the distended jaws dripping with foam. It really entered the dread cavern, but it emerged very quickly, and the huge brute, rising on his hind legs, took his human comrade to his shaggy bosom in a hasty embrace. They tumbled over and over one another like two kittens at play, the lioness coming in for her share in the romp. Then the slide was opened and shut, and the world-renowned tamer of beasts was howling his thanks for the screamed hurrahs, the stampings and clappings, excited by his feat and thence escape with his life, and the grumbling lion was ruminating back into the obscurity of the side-scenes.

Miss Harry looked around at me.

"Well, pet! are you glad you came? The best part of it to me is that you are here. It is all clear, thorough delight to you. The lion is just from the African forest and the man in real peril; Mademoiselle Caroline is a sylph who never heard of red and white paint, and the clown's jokes are funny. I wouldn't take you behind the scenes for the world."

"I wouldn't go!" asserted I, stoutly. "It is twice as much fun to believe in everything. People are not obliged to go behind the scenes, as you call it."

"Very true, dear! We will keep on believing—you and I. Miss Virginia and Mr. Bradley may be infidels if they like. This is a pretty fair world, taken as a whole."

While she was speaking, the band clashed out, "Over the Water to Charlie!" and a magnificent figure ran fleetly down the slope from the side door into the vacant ring—a dazzling apparition clad in a white and silver costume fitting perfectly to the matchless limbs; a creature beautiful, tall and agile as a young god. After him rushed a superb coal-black horse. As it flew by he clutched the mane and sprang to its back, standing erect upon one foot, and they went like the wind around the circle.

"Horse!" The ringing shout outswelled the applause of the lookers-on and the blare of the instruments.

A second black racer flashed to his place under the outstretched foot of the rider; his rein tossed upward

to his grasp, and the wild flight was not abated by so much as a single hoof-beat.

"Horse!" A third, dusky and fleet as the others, joined the coursing pair.

A fourth shout, and a quartette dashed forward and around on the bound as one animal, beld, guided and animated by the radiant Apollo. It was the sensation of the night, and with it the crowd lost its senses. Men arose on the benches and swung their hats and canes, shouting themselves hoarse; women beat their gloved hands excitedly and bent far forward to watch the glittering sprite and his bearers—the tripartite union of beauty, strength and speed; the music pealed high and triumphant to a thud boom and crush as the horses sped

out of the ring and back to their stables, leaving their master flushed, smiling and glorious in the arena, bowing and kissing his hand to the applauding multitude.

Not until that moment did I recognize him. Not until then did Harry Mason rise, throw up her arms, totter and fall like one shot in the heart. So unexpected was the action that no one near her could have foreseen it and moved in time to save her. The aisle between the banks of seats was fearfully precipitous, and the senseless form went directly down and forward. Before it touched the earth, the athlete gave a mighty bound that cleared ring and rope-fence, and caught her in his arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS CLASSICAL MUSIC?

POPULAR estimation has given to music a certain pre-eminence, almost approaching sanctity, which is shared by no one of the other arts. It is regarded as having some intimate and peculiar connection with that mysterious part of our being which is called soul life. While special education is known to be necessary to gain a fair acquaintance with any other art, knowledge of music is popularly presumed to come by nature, like Dogberry's reading and writing. Moreover, angels are represented as playing on harps and other musical instruments, and are supposed to sing continually; but they are not usually imagined as painting pictures or drawing plans and elevations for celestial dwellings. Music is the only art that finds favor in their sight. Music also is an especial favorite of the poets; for example, it is called "Heavenly Maid" by one; and another tells us that the man who has none of it in his soul, and who is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, and we are therefore warned not to trust such an one. This may be very good poetry, but it is not common sense. Charming as sentiment, it is unfortunately false as a statement of fact. Except, of course, in its subject-matter, music differs from no other art in any important respect. The art which has to do with tones is inherently neither higher nor lower in order or degree than the art which has to do with colors. Every art is a means of creating and revealing beauty. The method, instrumentalities and subject-matter of each are peculiar to itself; but all have a like genesis and history, parallel functions and the same object. The discussion sometimes made as to the relative superiority of one art over another is simple logomachy, or, to paraphrase the Greek with a Saxon word—folly. Knowledge of no art is innate, although a genius for it may be. Each requires natural aptitude trained by severe and systematic work on the part of its students before success can be attained. But the popular notion that music is the one exception to this rule is vigorous, and not without its legitimate results. Many a man who will frankly confess that he knows nothing about painting or architecture will, in the same breath, repel the charge of ignorance of music, or that he does not like music, as though there were something disgraceful in such an imputation, notwithstanding the fact that he has never studied it, that to him a Beethoven symphony is a bore, and the difference between a larghetto and an opheidele is shrouded in

mysterious and impenetrable gloom. Because he enjoys hearing "The Last Rose of Summer" played on the cornet, or is stirred by the music of a fine military band, he considers himself a cultivated musician. forgetting that, while the specially cultivated people in any art must of necessity be in a minority, such qualifications are possessed by the greater part of civilized mankind. The natural consequences of assumption of knowledge, where knowledge is rare, and where, when it exists, it is often very limited, are not wanting. The marriage of ignorance and pretension is blessed with but one offspring—hypocrisy. The standard of criticism is often at the best nothing but the uncultivated individual taste of the critics. Their syllogism stands something like this:

"I like it;

I like none but good things; ergo,

It is good."

or the reverse, as the case may be. That there may be a weakness in the second member does not seem to occur to these critics. It may, however, occur to others. But only a small portion of these self-constituted musical critics have the courage of their opinions. A large number of them are all their lives long subject to the bondage of names. With them the name of the composer is the criterion of the merit of the composition. Did A write it, it must be good; did Z write it, it must, by parity of reasoning, be bad. That A might sometimes write poor music, or that Z should ever rise above the degree of merit usually attributed to him, is to them an impossible contingency. It follows that much good work meets but slight esteem because its author is unknown, and that some of the mistakes and failures of great musicians are blindly praised. This general ignorance of music includes many of the technicalities of the art. There is one of these which is obscure to many people, and which it is the object of this article to make clear. I refer to the term "classical music," which is used constantly with evident uncertainty and error as to its true meaning. First, however, a brief historical résumé is desirable as demonstrating the necessity, truth and value of this accepted but generally misunderstood classification.

A brief summary of the history of music will show both the truth and the value of this principle of classification. Passing by Fathers Ambrose and Gregory, who, between them, settled the first scales or modes, the

authentic and playful, we may take Hucbald, who lived at the close of the ninth and the beginning of the tenth centuries, as our starting point. He is the first musician who, endeavoring to reduce his art to a science, formulated rules for the harmonization of the different voices which had been added to the melody by Isidore. For, up to the time of the latter, music had been conceived. According to Hucbald, the *vox principalis*, or melody, can be accompanied by *vox organalis* in the following intervals, the parts all moving together: an octave above or below, a fifth below and a fourth above, and a fifth above and a fourth below. To our ears such combinations and progressions of sound are simply barbarous. It is not easy to believe that they were ever called music, or that men attempted to sing them. Imagine a composition constructed in accordance with such harmonic laws, with no division into bars of equal length, and consequently no rhythm, all the notes being of equal value, and nothing corresponding to our flats and sharps, so that in each key or mode the succession of intervals in the scale is peculiar to itself. This may well be called the symbolic age of music. Artistic form is invisible, the art is in its most rudimentary state. But the evolutionary ferment has begun. Each succeeding musician either enlarges and improves what his predecessors have left him, adds some new feature to his art, or increases the means by which that art can be expressed. By the time of Guido di Arezzo (900-1030) we find the elements of rhythm first indicated in the music, though in all probability they existed long before in the usage of performers. His music is divided into bars of equal length. Franco di Cologne, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, speaks of notes having four different values—■ duplex longa, ■ longa, ■ brevis, and ◆ semibrevis; also of rests of corresponding lengths. Here appears something like modern notation—its germ, in fact. Music has become what was then called measured song. Now for the first time counterpoint is a possibility. It quickly comes to light, an invention of the Belgian school of musicians. First appearing in the form of the imitative canon, it is developed into the fugue by Dufay, and brought to a high state of perfection by Ockeghem, or Ockenheim (1430-1513). Josquin de Pres (1440-1521) elaborated and improved all the known musical forms, and introduced the use of the chord of the dominant seventh in the key of C, making a perfect cadence possible in that key. His chief title to fame is that he was the first great musician who invented his own subjects. Up to this time composers had chosen some known melody, or folk-song, as the *cantus firmus* of a canon. De Pres broke loose from this absurd custom; composing his own themes, he endeavored to give significance to the words by his music. For this he deserves the title sometimes given him—Father of Modern Composers. Orlando Lassus (1520-1594) introduced the chromatic element into musical composition, which up to his time had been largely, if not strictly diatonic in character. Palestrina (1514-1594), following the example of De Pres in composing his own themes, brought about a complete revolution in mass writing, putting an end at once and forever to the grotesque and vicious habit which had prevailed up to his time of writing masses on popular songs. He settled finally the form of the mass, both the *Missa*, *Solemnis* and the *Requiem Mass*. By him also the melody was transferred from the tenor to the soprano part. Monteverde (1566-1630) gave definite shape to the opera, which had appeared in the germ long before in the little musical play, "Robin and Marion," written by Adam de Halé, one of the troubadours.

He collected and used the first orchestra worthy of the name. At the performance of his opera, "Orfeo," he had a band of about thirty musicians. He did not venture to use his instruments *ex auctoritate*, but employed them in groups of from two to ten pieces, ten being the greatest number used at once. Taking up the thread that De Pres had dropped, he introduced the use of the chord of the dominant seventh into all keys. Long before—probably nearly contemporary with the invention of the organ—the eight modes of Ambrose and Gregory had given place to the two modes we know now—the major and minor. Monteverde, with his eight bars of introduction to "Orfeo," planted the germ from which have sprung the classical overture and modern symphonic poem, as well as the opera overture proper. He is also considered the inventor of recitative. During his lifetime, viz., in 1600, the first oratorio was performed. The honor of inventing this musical form is ascribed to Cavallieri.

By this time the symbolic characteristics of music have completely disappeared. The art is in a state of transition to the classical age. The organ, clavierchord—the ancestor of the piano—the members of the viol family, and both reed and brass wind instruments, are in common use. The technical means for the expression of musical ideas are well developed. The "suite," the immediate predecessor of the symphony, sonata and string quartette—for in form these are most intimately related—has been elaborated from simple dance tunes. The barbarous cacophony of Hucbald has grown into the mass of Palestrina and the overture. The older masters, compelled by the paucity and incompleteness of the known musical forms to work in very limited channels, have brought the art of counterpoint to great perfection. Modern harmony, both chromatic and diatonic, is the fruit of their labor. To their successors, besides freedom of harmonization and modulation, they left that most indispensable of all musical forms, the fugue. There were now forms in which the noblest musical thoughts could be fittingly clothed, instruments sufficiently developed to express them, and a body of singers and players able to interpret them. It needed only the appearance of a great genius able to gather together and use these heirlooms of symbolic art to carry the evolution one step further, and usher in the classical period. The moment of artistic opportunity is never lost for want of a man to seize it. The same year, 1685, saw the birth of two men with whose maturity we may fairly say the century of classical music began—Johann Sebastian Bach and Georg Friedrich Händel.

The most remarkable characteristics of the music of the early classical period are a stern simplicity of form and a certain massiveness, made up partly of heroic simplicity and strength, and partly of singular elevation of tone. It belongs to the same category of art as the paintings of Michael Angelo and the sonnets of Milton. This is especially true of Händel. His oratorios have a colossal stateliness and majesty that has never been equaled. His music is characterized by a superb propriety. His oratorios are the culminant point of vocal music. Up to his time the voice was all-important; the instruments were only used to accompany singers. Händel carried his art to its utmost limits in this direction. The "Hallelujah Chorus," and the closing chorus of "Israel in Egypt," the aria "He shall feed His flock," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," mark the high-water line of vocal music. To surpass them was impossible. From that time the tide has set the other way. Instrumental

music has now succeeded to the place once held by vocal. Bach's music, in its general tone, resembled Hindel's. His Passion Music is inferior only to Hindel's best oratorios. He was the king of contrapuntists. His preludes and fugues are unique.

This breadth and simplicity of form could not last long. The steady improvement of performers, and the constantly-increasing technique of the art, made the simple accompaniments and orchestration impossible. Without losing its beauty of form, music became less heroic in character. For strength there was tenderness, for majesty grace, for elevation of tone sympathy. It was no longer colossal. It had become human. Hindel and Bach have given place to Haydn and Mozart. P. E. Bach and Gluck occupy a position between these two states of classical art, combining the simplicity of the first with the tenderness of the second; the former is also said to have written the first classical symphony in the form afterward established by Haydn. Haydn and Mozart suffer in the popular judgment through the very perfection of their art. Their music is so finished and graceful in form, so transparent in its beauty, so naive in its unconsciousness, so destitute of all striving after unstained effects, that to the unlearned and unthinking it seems puerile. Comparative criticism does them full and adequate justice. With the death of Haydn the classical period may be said to end. It is nearly contemporaneous with the eighteenth century. In it the symphony, oratorio, opera, overture and all forms of chamber music were developed to the utmost beauty of form. Beauty, pure and undefiled by the intermixture of any foreign element, was the aim of art during this period. Speculation on impossible hypotheses is never a very profitable occupation; yet I cannot refrain from wondering what Mozart would have done had he at command the orchestra for which Liszt writes. He would surely have given us something different from the Faust and Dante symphonies. For it is one of the characteristics of the classical period of music that the composers not only had something to say, but were also able so to say it that the world could understand it. This is not always the case with modern musicians.

The first great step from the classical toward the romantic in music was taken by Beethoven. His first two symphonies are purely classical. But after these were written mere beauty failed to satisfy him; he sought significance in addition to, or even instead of it. The classical forms were stately, beautiful and graceful, but that was not enough for him. They could not contain his titanic genius. He cast them aside whenever it seemed good to him, and created his own forms. The slow movement of his E-flat symphony, the *Eroica*, is the first prominent example of this. It is a musical representation of the grief of a nation over the death of a hero, and is written in the form of a funeral march. The beautiful proportions of the classical form of a funeral march, as used by him in his A-flat sonata, were here too narrow to contain the varied meaning and passion of the composer. He broke through them, and, creating his own form, wrote that wonderful march, noble in character, dramatic and full of contrived emotion, which is the broadest composition of its kind in musical literature. But it is romantic in both form and spirit. In the F symphony—the *Pastorale*—he went still farther from the classical model. The thunder-storm, the scene by the brook, the cuckoo and the nightingale are in the very spirit of romanticism; the latter, indeed, are perilously near being "program music." In his last symphony he wished in the fourth movement to express musically the triumph in

life of joy and love in their conflict with fate and sorrow, as that conflict had been portrayed in the former movements of the symphony. To do this to his satisfaction all the recognized resources of a symphonist were inadequate. Instrumental music was too indefinite to serve such a purpose. Recognizing the fact ignored by later romanticists, that music cannot express either intellectual concepts or concrete objects, he felt the necessity of words to convey the ideas with which he wished to round up and close his wonderful series of symphonies. Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" suited the exigency; so, importing a quartette and chorus into his orchestra, he made it the subject of a cantata, prefacing it with a series of reminiscences of the first three movements, and his fourth movement was complete.

It did not need Beethoven's transcendent genius to put an end to the classical period of music. The equilibrium of contending forces which makes that period in any art a possibility could easily have been disturbed by a much smaller man. Its end was sure to come quickly. His romanticism, however, greatly accelerated its downfall. With him the modern, the romantic period begins. At first it inherits many, if not all, the beauties of the preceding period, and adds to them its own freedom and dramatic power. This is the true cause of the remarkable attractiveness possessed by the works of the early romantic period. But beauty is no longer the musician's sole aim, and as time elapses their compositions seem to have less and less of it. In Schumann, Mendelssohn and Schubert, the mingling of the romantic and the classical produces most exquisite charm. But after them the classical is rapidly submerged in the rising tide of romanticism, until now the only classical music written seems to be chamber music and a few overtures. The greatest modern composers, Wagner, Rubinstein and Berlioz, are thoroughly romantic, although some of Rubinstein's chamber music is purely classical in form.

Wagner is so unique a figure in musical history that he may well claim our attention for a moment. His romanticism is so violent as to almost amount to an artistic insanity. He has lucid intervals, in which he writes music of wonderful beauty and power in the most romantic forms—oases in deserts of dreary recitative. But these intervals are like the traditional angels' visits, few and far between. The most notable characteristics of his music are the intrinsic beauty and power of his themes, the gorgeous chromatic coloring, and, above all, the complete knowledge and mastery of the orchestra. In orchestration he has no rival. It is true that in giving him his proper rank as an artist his music is only one of many things to be considered. In his compositions the poetry, stage arrangements and decorations, even costumes, are as important as the music. The dramatic poet and stage manager play as conspicuous parts as the composer. But here we can only consider him in the latter capacity. His chief claims to our regard, as far as the scope of this paper are concerned, are, that he has taken up the reformation of the opera where Gluck left it, and has, I think we may say, made mere prettiness in operatic writing a thing of the past; that he has developed the modern orchestra to a degree of perfection that is wonderful and admirable; and, finally, that his influence on all musicians has been that of a liberator from convention. But it remains, and always will remain, a pity that a man who could write noble and exquisite music should have preferred to write as he did; that a man who could create such beauty should have despised beauty. The great

things he has done are not to be named with what he might have done had he been content to be what nature made him—a musician—and not have devoted his life to the creation of a new art which was to be simply all the arts mingled (*verschmelzt*) into one. That is a task beyond even his great powers. He is a unique figure in art, and, without disrespect be it said, may long remain so.

We now come naturally to the definition of classical music as distinguished from music of a less elevated and permanent type, but the introduction has unavoidably grown to such dimensions that the conclusion must be postponed to another number.

This rapid and slight sketch of the art history of music is of itself a demonstrated truth of the modified

Hegelian art classification, and of the accuracy of my proposed definition of classical music. While others may draw the lines dividing one stage of the art from another differently from those above suggested, the fact will not be gainsaid that from the undoubtedly symbolic music of the dark ages was slowly evolved the undoubtedly classical music of Mozart and Haydn, as that in its turn was but one stage in the development of the undoubtedly romantic music of Berlioz and Wagner, and that the true distinction between these different phases of art is a distinction of artistic form. The word "classical," then, being purely a term of esthetics, refers to the form of a composition and to that alone, and it indicates that one of all forms which is ideally the most beautiful.

W. R. THOMPSON.

THREE LITTLE EMIGRANTS.

BY ELLEN SOULE CARHART

NEAR the little German village of Niederdorf lived a man whose name was Hermann Abt. His wife, Ursula, worked with her husband to till their small strip of garden-land, and took care of the cottage home and the children. They were an industrious, happy family, yet sometimes the father seemed troubled; and when Ursula would ask him why he sat so silent and sad by the fireside, he would reply:

"It is about the children I am thinking."

But Ursula knew that the children had good *pumpernickel* and *saure kraut* and potatoes, and now and then a bit of meat; their clothes were warm and clean, and their wooden-soled shoes such as other peasant children wore. Besides, they were rosy and merry and stout. Ulrich was ten years old. Already he could take the vegetables to market in his dog-cart, and no boy in the parish school was as bright as he. What, then, could trouble the heart of the father?

One frosty December night Ulrich came from the village with a letter in the pocket of his blouse. It was not often that messages from the great, bustling world came to the peaceful cottage, and wife and children drew curiously around the table while Hermann broke the seal.

"It is from Hans Schäfer, who went to seek his fortune in America," he said.

The letter was slowly read aloud. It told of prosperity in the New World, and promised help if Hermann and Ursula would come to Illinois to make a home, as he had done.

Ursula laughed at the thought.

"Ach, nein!" she exclaimed, "we shall stay in the Fatherland. Are we not quite comfortable and happy now?"

Then she carried her two little girls off to bed, and told them a story of a naughty child who stuck her finger in an unbaked Christmas cake and could not pull it out again!

But the father did not sleep that night, and all the next day he worked as if he were dreaming. And so, indeed, he was. He was dreaming of a land of foreign speech and foreign customs, where industry was beautifully rewarded; where freedom was more a fact than a theory; where the bondage of caste was broken; where his Ulrich, who loved his books, might become

a great man; where Elsie and little Gretchen might live a broader life than their simple-hearted mother had ever dreamed of. After two days the loving father told his boy the dream.

"My child," he said, "for a long year I have been trying to decide—now it is done. The mother and I must go to America. As soon as we find work and get a bit of a home and gold enough, thou shalt bring the little sisters to us over the seas. Americans are friendly to the stranger, and the dear God will care for thee."

Ulrich was glad and confident. But alas! for poor Ursula! The mother-heart was well-nigh broken at the thought of leaving her children, her home and native land. Yet soon she, too, began to be eager to verify the promises of the New World, and between smiles and tears the decisive letter was written. Their simple preparations were soon made. February came, and brought the parting day. Ulrich, Elsie and Gretchen were to remain with their Aunt Katrina.

"It shall not be long, my children," said the father, with quivering lips, as he lifted little Gretchen in his arms.

"No, no; it shall not be long," sobbed poor Ursula, with tears pouring down her cheeks. "It shall be before the Christmas-tide, for we will work day and night, and save every *groschen* to send you."

The months in the New World went swiftly by. At first the language and customs seemed very hard to understand, but day by day, with unflagging industry, the father and mother toiled and studied. Hans Schäfer, true to his promise, had found work for his friends with a gardener, where Hermann's strength and skill and Ursula's faithfulness soon won the confidence and regard of their employer.

One day Mr. Martin came upon the pleasant-faced German woman bending over a bed of lettuce, with one hand busily pulling up the weeds, with the other brushing the tears from her eyes. She was talking softly to herself. He stopped, and Ursula, looking up suddenly, saw a kind but curious gaze fixed upon her.

She began to tell her story, half in broken English, half in the mother-tongue, but with an artless pathos more eloquent than words.

"Hermann makes toys by night," she added, "and I knit stockings and shawls to sell to the Germans in Milwaukee. But the children will not be here for the Christmas festival! The money comes too slowly, though Hermann drinks no more a glass of beer, but puts the money in the box for the children."

From that day money came much faster to the strangers. There were ready purchasers for the German toys, and they brought a larger price than in the home markets. Soon they were settled in a cozy little home of four rooms, and by the middle of September, with Mr. Martin's help, the father sent the tickets and the money for the children's long journey.

If you could only have seen the glad faces, if you could only have heard the glad shouts when that package came! You would know then surely that the hearts of German children are just as eager and loving as those of American children.

Aunt Katrina's home would be very lonely without them, she said. And how could such little folks go so far alone? But there was the letter for the Captain and money for warm clothing and tickets to bring them all the way to Germania, where the father and mother were working and waiting for them.

"We are not afraid to trust Ulrich with his sisters," wrote the father. The boy grew manly and strong in spirit as with glowing eyes he read those words.

So Aunt Katrina gave the three children into the care of the good German captain. Then she put in dear little Gretchen's hand a tiny Testament to carry all the way. On the fly-leaf were written the names and ages of the children, where they came from and where they wished to go—for Aunt Katrina was a sensible woman—and these words were added:

"Jesus said, whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

And now came the long, long voyage of sixteen days. Passengers and crew were kind to the Captain's little friends. Many a happy hour they passed on deck, watching the waves and listening to the songs of the sailors. Sometimes the odd little group would be seen nestled in the shelter of the cabin, Gretchen fast asleep with her curly head against her brother's shoulder, and the Testament tightly clasped in her hand. When a storm came and the good ship rolled heavily in the trough of the black billows, Ulrich was fearless and cheerful. He told the sisters fairy tales, and watched by their box-like berth every night till the big, blue eyes were fast closed in sleep.

New York City looked like a new world to these simple peasant children. There were forests of masts, and great ocean steamships and crowded steam ferry-boats. A multitude of Americans were waiting to welcome long-absent friends. There was laughing and crying and shouting and mottoing.

"I see my papa! I see my papa!" exclaimed little Elsie all at once, as the ship drew slowly near the crowded pier.

"No, no, Elsie! I see that man, too, but it is not our papa. Oh, I wish it was!"

"But it is!"

No, it was the father of the little German boy who had played with them during the voyage, and who had come with his mother from Berlin. It made our little folks cry for joy and envy to see him welcome his child. But Ulrich quickly brushed away his tears.

"Do not cry, sisters," he said. "After two days more we shall see him, and the mother, too."

So they watched the passengers leave the ship, watched the custom-house officers inspecting the luggage, and, by-and-by, when the November twilight was fading into night, and the great city was all aglow with lights, came their kind Captain.

"Come now, my children," he said cheerily. "To-night you shall stay with me. To-morrow I shall start you off for Germania."

Tightly holding each other's hands they followed him down the half-deserted pier to a carriage which was waiting for him. A steward followed with their box and the Captain's hand-bag, and soon they were rolling away through the streets.

Sitting on those soft cushions the little emigrants gazed about them in wondering, awe-struck silence. Surely they had sailed away into fairyland! They were a prince and princesses riding in a crimson chariot through streets paved with precious stones to the door of a splendid palace!

A colored servant put the children to bed. Poor little Gretchen cried for fright. She had never seen a negro before.

In the morning the Captain took them to the Chicago express. They kissed his hand gratefully when he bade them good-by.

And still our wanderers were in fairyland. A wonderful river, the like of which they had never seen, flowed between steep walls, and there were palaces and gardens, and trees whose leaves were crimson and gold, and by-and-by, across the water, great shaggy mountains appeared, the home of goblins and giants.

Now, with all his care, their friend the Captain had not provided these children with food. The little girls were very hungry when the train reached Albany, and Ulrich wanted to leave the car to buy bread. But both Elsie and Gretchen held him back with tears.

"What is the matter, children?" asked a pretty American lady in the next car. She spoke in very broken German, but she understood when Ulrich answered for his sisters that they were hungry.

"Come with me," she said, and they hastened to the car. She showed the boy how to buy some sandwiches and cakes, and had her silver cup filled with milk for Gretchen; then back they hurried just as the train was starting. Ulrich and Elsie told her their simple story, and Gretchen showed her book, and seated by her new friend's side, ate the first orange she had ever tasted.

The night was long and dreary to the faithful brother. The kind lady was gone. Hour after hour he watched his sleeping sisters, determined not to close his eyes. Two rough men behind them snored and grumbled. Ulrich did not like them. But as the morning light began at last to steal through the windows weariness overpowered him, and he slept heavily.

Suddenly Gretchen's cries awakened him.

"Oh, Ulrich! Ulrich!"

One of those bad men had been trying to steal the children's little bag of money. The brave boy sprang to his feet with flashing eyes. Just then the German brakeman entered the car to put out the lights. He heard the boy's story and summoned the conductor, who ordered the men out of the car.

At Cleveland Ulrich left his sisters to buy breakfast. Scarcely had he reached the lunch-room when the train backed up and came into the station on quite a different track. Elsie and Gretchen were sadly frightened. They ran to the platform of the car to jump off and find Ulrich. But the brakeman came again to their help and led them back to their seats.

"I will find the brother," he said. "We have yet fifteen minutes. You must stay here."

But Ulrich was not so easily fanned. He had quickly bought the food, and as soon as he could get a cup of milk, started back to his sisters. But the train had disappeared. He ran wildly up and down, spilling the milk, and asking everywhere for Elsie and Gretchen. At last, seeing a train just starting, he climbed upon it, supposing it must be the one he sought. Slowly they moved out of the station. Ulrich rushed from car to car, hugging his parcel of food and calling:

"Wo ist Elsie? Wo sind die schwestern?"

"Where are you going, my boy?" asked an old gentleman with a beautiful white beard. He spoke in German to the bewildered child.

"I have lost my little sisters. We are going to the parents in Germania."

"You are on the wrong train!" exclaimed the man. The bell was rung; the train was stopped. The boy leaped off, his beautiful brown eyes shining with gratitude and hope. "Run along the track. Tell everybody 'Chicago train!' Run!"

How he ran! The kind brakeman had told the conductor about the missing brother, and the train for Chicago was waiting still, but puffing and snorting as if impatient of delay.

The boy dashed into the station, breathlessly shouting, "Chicago train!"

"This way!" "Over there!" "Run!" "You're too late!" cried the people. But Ulrich saw only the steaming train, the two little faces in an open window, saw them begin to move away, leaped on board at the last second, and away they went.

"I didn't lose the cakes, but the milk is all spilled!"

Ulrich was the hero of the car. Several passengers interested themselves in the three odd little waifs, and Gretchen's book was passed from hand to hand. All that day there was no lack of food and care and entertainment.

The Captain had telegraphed to Hermann Abt, and their father's shining face greeted the children when the train reached Chicago.

There were joyful hearts in one laborer's cottage that dull November night. A hundred questions, interrupted by kisses; a hundred answers choked with embraces; and when at last their tired little ones slept hand-in-hand, the happy father and mother sat and gazed on their sweet faces, and, looking in each other's eyes, thanked the dear God.

"They are here before the blessed Christmas-time!" said Ursula.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER IX.

"Miss DUNBAR requests the pleasure of your company for an afternoon and evening with Old Mortality. Old dresses, thick shoes, pocket-knives and old gloves required. Hour of meeting, 3.30 P. M. Place, the old Waite mansion on the Georgia road."

LOWATE, JUNE 25, 1889.

Miss Dunbar had hesitated a moment before writing the words "old Waite mansion," then added them energetically.

"It is a good beginning," she thought. "No other name can belong to it, and the king will come to his own again some day—somehow."

Her pen flew as she broke, half unconsciously, into the old song—

"Who'll be king but Charley?"

and Linda, who entered just then with some household question, stopped short, and then laughed aloud in pure delight.

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss 'Lizabeth, I do believe you 'a gittin' back you ole self. 'Fears as if you wasn't more'n a gal this minute."

"Not much more if there were not so many things to remember," Miss Dunbar answered, looking at Linda with the smile which had won her years ago, and which to this day so affected George that he had been known to clasp his hands as she turned away and look after her with the devotion of a Catholic to his favorite Madonna. Linda lingered, watching the flying pen with the slight envy always felt for "white folks'" accomplishments in this direction, and thinking to herself that anywhere but in this "back country," she should take the notes to be invitations. Miss Dunbar looked up as she slipped the last card into its envelope.

"These had better be sent around by some one," she said. "George could do it, only he does not know the places. He must learn, though, and perhaps this is as good a time as any."

"He 's at de raisins for de fruit cake," Linda said doubtfully. "He 's mortified most sick to think there ain't none in de house, an' he said he 'd jest see to it the family shouldn't be so disgraced no longer. I was a slyerin' citron an' tellin' him it was lucky we brought all we did, for nothin' ain't fit in dese yer no-account stores. Pennsylvany folks don't live in as big houses, but they thinks a heap more what they puts on de table."

"Call him in," Miss Dunbar answered. "We must plan for a ten company to-morrow."

"I done thought there was somethin' a-comin'," Linda said triumphantly. "We 'll show 'em how folks does things."

"Nothing of the sort," Miss Dunbar said emphatically. "I don't want one of your great suppers, Linda. You may have stewed chicken and muffins, for we shall all be very hungry, but only one kind of cake, some canned peaches and tea and coffee."

Linda's face had fallen with every word.

"Tain't any more'n you'd have for you own selves," she said almost sulkily, but at this moment George appeared, preceded by a sound of scuffling which ceased as he opened the door, and disclosed a black-eyed and swarthy boy about twelve, who looked half frightened and half curious at the eyes which met his inquiringly.

"I 'd a fixed him my own self, Miss 'Lizabeth," George said, still out of breath, "but I reckoned you 'd better tell him what you thought about his doings, a craw'in' in under de fence an' rootin' out de pie-plant, dat 's de only thing that ain't jest outdone by de weeds."

Dere I was a-settin' by de window an' considerin' over dat pie plant, as concernin' pies an' maybe some tarts, an' I see a-rustin' in de bushes like I'd seen befo', an' dis yer aggravinatin' young slunk was a crawlin' through an' a-yankin' up three towels we'd laid out to bleach in one han', an' a-treschin' out to de pie-plant wid de odder. He's a Kanuck. I done heard 'em tell about him. He's a Dunning boy, for shuah."

The boy raised his head with a sort of pride, as if the name ought to insure consideration, but dropped it as he met Miss Dunbar's steady look.

"You may leave him here, George," she said, "and I will speak to him presently. Sit down there by the window till I am ready," she added to the boy, who shook himself as George released his hold, and seemed inclined to run, but changed his mind and sat down sulkily.

"How many will there be?" Linda asked as she left the room, shaking her head as Miss Dunbar answered:

"About half a dozen, I think, but be ready for a few more—say ten or twelve."

The boy watched her as she wrote another note, and wondered what she intended to do, a look of profound surprise in his eyes as she said presently:

"You know the names of almost all the people and where they live, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you can carry some letters to several houses for me—that is, if you can read writing. Do you know how?"

"My father has taught me. I know—yes."

"Then I shall give you these notes in a little basket, and when you have delivered them all, come back to me and I will pay you. Are your hands clean? They must be to handle paper. Come into the kitchen, and you can wash them there. Are you Antoine or Jean?"

"Antoine," the boy answered, more and more confounded, and following her into the kitchen as if he suspected some trap. But none appearing, he scrubbed his hands, a slender brown pair, quite equal to any mischief demanded of them, took the basket mately and left, with one furtive glance of wonder and inquiry from under his long lashes.

"Reckon you don't know what a bad lot them Dunning is," George said deprecatingly. "De butcher done tole me to keep an eye out, for day was de biggest thieves about, an' folks couldn't keep nothin'. You can't mend nobody's ways, Miss 'Lizabeth."

Miss Dunbar only smiled, and returned to the south parlor, her favorite room, and bearing now no traces of its long disuse, but, on the contrary, a sense of active and happy life, a feeling of homeness that became the immediate characteristic of every spot where she found resting place. The broad hall had taken on the same expression, and she passed into it, and settled in the corner of the sofa with a book, looking up in a moment, as she heard the click of the gate, to see Molly Cushing's fair head nodding to some one who passed with a very deferential bow. Molly colored brightly as she paused a moment on the broad stone step and saw Miss Dunbar sitting there. The pair had become excellent friends, and Molly ran in once and sometimes two or three times a day to ask some question, or talk over the last problem in book or work.

"If everybody is seized with such a fit of curiosity as I am," she laughed, sitting down by her, "you will have a party to-day as well as to-morrow. You see I met Antoine myself, and saw his basketful of notes, and though I did stay in the house long enough to read it, two more minutes there alone would have been morally

impossible. I couldn't tell Trypbess, for she has gone to Mrs. Hitchman's to talk over some new kink in soft soap, and father, of course, is somewhere between here and the Canada line. Do, do tell me just what it means."

"Something in which I want all the help you can possibly give me," Miss Dunbar said, drawing Molly to a seat beside her, "and you can help more than any one I think, if you see the thing at all as I do. What we are to do to-morrow is only the beginning of many things that I think we may learn to do together—not you and I alone, but all these people, shut in to lives that seem to me more and more starved the more I see of them. Come with me, and I will tell you what I thought of doing. I should have gone to you this evening if you had not come to me."

Mary followed Miss Dunbar into the north parlor, and the two were closeted there for half an hour, emerging then, hand in hand, as if a satisfactory understanding had been reached.

"I always hated it," Molly said, sitting down on the doorstep and going on with the talk interrupted for a moment. "You call it shut in, but you don't know anything about the pettiness of it all."

"Here is a bit that tells the story," Miss Dunbar said, as she opened a book she had taken from the table.

"'The Country Parson!' You don't read him! I thought he was only a prose Tupper. How can you?"

"He is a malignant man. It is only a reaction from too much praise," Miss Dunbar said, laughing. "I do not put him on my Emerson shelf, but he has delightful common sense, and certainly more identity than 'Timothy Titcomb.' This is what he says about villages: 'I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence; that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity; that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town; and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow and care and anxiety may quite well live in Ellimethan cottages grown over with honeysuckle and jasmine, and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. People may pace up and down between hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbors' characters to very shreds.' Substitute syringas and lilacs for hawthorn, and there you have this village and hundreds like it."

"They haven't any time for sadness or love or any other feeling of every-day human nature," Molly said, after a moment's silence. "What struck me most, when I came home to stay, was the remorseless grind of it all, and so much really unnecessary work. I know there are few servants and that summer is the busiest time, but every woman wants to do a little more than every other woman, and nobody dares to stop for fear of being called 'shiftless.' Do you know what that means to the New England mind?"

"You forget, or perhaps you did not know, that my own life began in New England, though in a city. People 'did their own work' a good deal; but a city, no matter how small, has broader interests, and they met oftener. Here, Sunday and a funeral now and then seem to be the only social occasions; and there is something inexpressibly pathetic and reform to me in the way the whole country side turns out to seize this one opportunity for communication with one another. I never wonder that all the young people get away as fast as possible to something holding more human interests."

"It is a little hard on those who stay at home," Molly said. "Every Lowgate girl who has married in the last ten years has had to go away to do it, and so far as our own particular congregation is concerned there is just one young man who may be regarded as eligible for a girl like Molly Peters, for instance, and that is all. Luther Tucker doesn't count, because he courted all the mothers, and is a perennial beau as well as bachelor, who admires all women indiscriminately. But there really is a loneliness in it, and girls naturally are discontented. Does it sound very improper to say so?"

"The truth in the right place can never be improper," Miss Dunbar answered. "Men and women were intended for mutual benefits, and either life is defrauded that lives only with its own sex. But as there is no apparent help for it in such places as this, we must make the most of such resources as there are, and use every chance for enjoyment or growth that comes, or can be brought, into the way."

"You must put it in the form of work or the pill will not be swallowed," Molly laughed. "I think you have been wise to make your first venture include a good deal of manual labor, otherwise Mrs. Lovering and her tribe would frown it down. The sense of repose here is condensed in the mountains. Everything else is full of a restless activity that sometimes drives one wild."

"I hope that that is not the effect I produce on you," Miss Dunbar said, smiling.

"No, you are a miracle," Molly answered promptly. "I have seen you sit perfectly still as if you even enjoyed it, and yet I know you accomplish much. Is Dorothy like you?"

"People say she is somewhat, but I do not know. You will soon see."

"What a different feel there is to everything now that you are here!" Molly answered somewhat irrelevantly.

"It really feels like living, and I wake up in the morning with a sense that we are all alive, and that something really may happen. Don't go away. This is really your place, and you have a mission here."

"I have, surely," Miss Dunbar thought, but she only smiled at Molly, who looked at her with devotion, yet half ashamed of her own enthusiasm, and then turned to go.

"I see Sybil Watte coming this way," she said, "with a long package in her hand. How she is changing! Good-by till to-morrow."

"How she is changing!" Miss Dunbar repeated as she watched the girl coming swiftly toward her, all constraint and shyness seeming to have passed with the taking up of the work she meant to do. She dropped down now on the doorstep, recalling for an instant how she had sat there in her childhood, splitting tiger-lily seeds into little baskets, then opened her package.

"I want you to see these panels," she said, "for I am sure you made Mrs. Lovering say she would have them, though you will not tell me. That cupboard will

be really pretty. See! only woodbine—a panel for the lower doors, but it will be set in walnut, and the two woods are beautiful together."

"It is better than the other," Miss Dunbar said critically. "I wish that Dorothy had your talent. She has been having lessons this year, and when she comes may give you some hints. All her tools came yesterday, and I want you to spend your spare time in using them. The mail to-day brought me an English manual of wood-carving. Come in and look at it, and then we will plan a hanging cabinet for that corner to hold those few bits of precious old china."

Sybil followed Miss Dunbar into the sitting-room, and took the volume held out to her, with only one grateful look at the face of this good fairy, who thought of everything and provided everything. She dropped her panels in a chair, and in a minute was lost in turning over the pages, every one holding something that could help and stimulate to better work. Miss Dunbar watched her a little while with the look of mingled affection and pity that the thought of her always evoked, then laid her hand on the book.

"Take it home with you," she said. "It is for you. No, don't thank me. It is only another tool. Did you get my note, Sybil?"

"No, for I have not been home since morning. I have been putting up shelves for Harding, and oh, how he did stand and look at me! He sent Abram off with the meat for the lower village just to stay and stare, and every time I drove a nail or made a joint he whistled and said, 'Wal, I'm beat!' I'm beat, too. I wish every one didn't think it was so queer for one to know how. I showed father these panels this morning, and I really think he looked at them and understood."

"I want you to come here to-morrow," Miss Dunbar said, taking the girl's hand. "You will see for what in the note. Will you come? A few of the girls will be here."

"Oh, no!" said Sybil, shrinking back. "I never do go among them, and I cannot now. They all dress and have so many things I can't have, it is best not."

"They are coming in old clothes to-morrow, and I want you to be one of them. Don't disappoint me, Sybil. I don't intend to tell you just what is to be done, but you will soon know, and will help, too, even with—indeed, I think because of all your work. Don't look so distressed, child. It won't be very dreadful."

Sybil laughed as she took up her panels again, and turned to say good-by.

"I shall finish the cupboard to-morrow," she said, "and if I get through in time I will try to come, but you know I don't want to."

"That makes no difference. You will want to when you know!" Miss Dunbar said, and Sybil hurried away, half pleased and half distressed at her own promise, worked for an hour longer on her cupboard, and then turned toward home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHESTNUT TREE.

THROUGH the autumn woods he strolled,
Happy Tommy, four years old;
Heard his guardian sister calling;
"Do not watch the brown nuts falling;
Rather look upon the ground,

Where the fallen ones are found."
Was she wiser than the boy,
Who, with eyes ablaze with joy,
Cried, "O sister! sister! see
How God shakes the chestnut tree!"

CHARLES G. ANDERSON.

THE Editor begs to announce, that it is quite impossible for him to answer letters in regard to lectures during the coming winter. He has placed that business entirely in the hands of his agents, The Redpath Lyceum Bureau, No. 36 Broomfield Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all communications on the subject should be addressed. His subjects for the season will be—

GIVE US A REST.

THE NATION AND IGNORANCE.

THE MISSION OF THE DRUM.

The last only after December 1st.

IN the telegraphic news of the day, as we go to press, there appears the following, which is so nearly a repetition of the incidents in the sketch entitled "Three Little Emigrants" as to lend the latter an interest which does not ordinarily belong to fiction. It is to be regretted that the strange journey of the little Irish children did not end so happily as did that of Ulrich and his sisters, and for this reason we suppress their real names as conscientiously published by our brethren of the daily papers in the fulfilment of their mission, which forbids delicacy in such matters.

"CINCINNATI, Aug. 14.—In one of the seats of the through express from New York last night there were two little girls, one of whom carried a satchel to which was attached a tag with this inscription:

Catherine and Esther O'Shane, children of Patrick O'Shane, Blount Street, Cincinnati.

"They were entirely alone. Their ages were six and five years respectively. They could not tell whence they came nor whither they were going. From the conductor it was ascertained that they were through passengers from Liverpool to Cincinnati. They were handsome little girls with wholesome complexion and clear, bright eyes, but with soiled clothing, sadly showing the lack of a mother's care. Some sympathetic woman had fastened a talisman upon each. Upon reaching Cincinnati the omnibus agent took them to their destination, where Patrick O'Shane turned out to be a very cold, uncommunicative sort of a father. He scarcely noticed the little pilgrims, and they fell to crying. He is a laborer in a coal yard, and has been here four years. He says that on the 14th of June he paid thirty-five dollars to a steamship agent in this city, which covered all expenses of steamer passage for the children from Liverpool to New York, and by rail from there to Cincinnati, including all transfers and food. Conductors on the railroads transferred the little ones from one to another, and the long journey was made without mishap. O'Shane did not go to the depot to meet them. 'I did just as well,' he said. 'I left word with the clerk to send them around when they came.'"

AFTER having aroused a considerable degree of public interest in this country a few months ago, the divining-rod epidemic crossed the ocean and set continental and British investigators by the ears. For a while the foreign journals discussed the properties of the mystic hazel twig with a good deal of interest. The reflex wave has now come back to this country, and it is alleged that a party of Philadelphians have subscribed a fund to be expended in the scientific investigation of this curious subject. Where there is money to be had, a plenty of divining-rods will be gathered together—that of course; but seriously there is a very singular and unexplained property in these divining-rods, so called, which well deserves intelligent study. Alleged

divination by means of wands is older than history—older than the art of writing—so old that the earliest rock-carvings represent it in rudely-drawn figures, and yet the facts which underlie the vast accumulation of falsehood have never been fairly collated. The plain truth seems to be that a bent wand, whether forked or otherwise, and of any kind of wood, acts unaccountably in the hands of certain persons and under certain conditions. We could name a distinguished clergyman (we should say "divine" in this connection), the head of a leading college, who was once persuaded to test his own powers in this particular. After walking a few paces with the rod held before him, he exclaimed, "Why, it is turning in my hands!" A certain New York millionaire, whose name is well known on Wall Street, is peculiarly gifted as a manipulator of the magic wand. He never made any money by it, however, and is not altogether sure whether the downward bend of the rod indicates running water or is mere caprice. That the whole matter is due to natural causes, readers of THE CONTINENT need hardly be assured; and to natural causes—however supernatural they may now appear—we may be sure that very many mysterious matters will eventually be ascribed. We venture to predict that this brief paragraph will bring us more than one letter alleging powers of divination, or at least of sensitiveness on the part of the writer.

A Transparent Fraud.

THE following paragraph is going the rounds of the daily press:

"General Grant does not like to travel on Sunday if he can help it. The other day General Porter telegraphed to him in the Catskill Mountains that a directors' car was at his disposal for a trip to Long Branch on Sunday. General Grant politely declined it, saying: 'I always tried not to travel on Sunday when I held office, and there does not seem to be any reasonable excuse for it now.'"

There is nothing more exasperating than the pertinacity with which General Grant will persist in doing the most unexpected and altogether creditable things. Really he ought to be restrained from such displays of decency. The observance of the Sabbath loses half its beauty when commanded by such a man and enforced by his example. What right has Grant, whom all the very good men of the country have held up so long as a warning to the misguided youth of the land, whom we have been taught by pulpit and press to know as one who has no soul above the kennel and the stable—the companion of the degraded and corrupt and debauched—what right has he to teach practical piety in such an unostentatious way? We all know that it is only for effect. All the man has ever done has been for effect. We know him to be a sot, because years ago when he was a subaltern in the army he used to drink freely. Men can be found who will stand up and declare that even while he was the head of the nation, in an official sense, they saw him staggering drunkenly along the streets of Washington. His friends did not see it. Those who sat with him at meat declare that in many years they have not seen him taste a drop—but, for all that, he is a low, coarse, brutal nature, that has no right to protest against traveling on the Sabbath. At the best, it is only a harmless venal offense—if, indeed, it is an offense at all. If he does not travel on the Sabbath, he no doubt does many worse things. It is true he is charity

itself, and can hardly be seduced by the closest ties of friendship to utter a word against an enemy. His word once pledged, no man has ever known it to be broken. His home has known the shadow of no scandal. He does not seem to have had enough of "the instincts of a gentleman" to gamble. He has been so unpretentious that he even attempted to seek to enhance his fortune by speculation, and has been plucked and scorn like other "lunatics" upon the street. He is a mere coarse, vulgar accident whom good luck made famous. It has been demonstrated over and over again that he was no soldier. Not less than three of his subordinates have proved conclusively by carefully-prepared volumes that he had almost nothing to do with the war, and that what he did try to do they could have done much better. As a statesman we know that he was a failure. As President he was guilty of all the sins of the decalogue that can be committed in an official capacity. He is without question the most dangerous man that ever trod the soil of America. It is a thousand pities that he should have been in command when unkindly fate compelled the knightly Christian gentleman, the gallant and chivalrous Lee, to surrender. From that unfortunate circumstance this puffing, stolid soldier of fortune has grown into a god. "Caesarism" came from that accident to disturb the peace of the wise and timid souls who forever in him the fated instrument of destruction to our free institutions.

What right has this man to assume to be an exponent of Puritanic principles? What does he really care about the Sabbath? If it had been the soft and sinuous Hayes there would have been some propriety in it, but this man, who has been the chosen mark for the mud-slingers of the grand array of "the unco' guid" so long, what has he to do with Puritanic scruples? Why, it is only the other day that this pestiferous example of vulgarity, when a delicate Boston dude, with an unmistakable Houndsditch accent, honored him by asking what he was doing now, replied: "I am getting all the comfort I can out of life." What right has such a man to take comfort? If such as he are to be comfortable, where is the superiority of culture and aristocratic birth and gentle manners and elegant vice? It is a most indecent and shameful thing that he should claim to be comfortable. Shall a man whom the press and people have declared unworthy of comfort, shall he bid defiance to them and openly and boldly declare as a fact of history that there is yet comfort for him in this sublimity sphere? And then, on the top of that, shall he be allowed to insult Darwin and all the apostles of the new theology and the old cosmogony by encouraging a belief in that effete and absurd tradition, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" This is the last, and not the least, of the shameless insults which this man has heaped upon the refined and intellectual elements of our best society. It undoubtedly portends a renewal of the Grant "boom" for 1884, but fortunately for the cause of freedom and the future of American institutions, the time has long passed when the people of this vast country can be wheedled into the support of the "Third Term" and its resultant horrors by any silly display of Sabbatarian scruples.

When Was It?

THE least that can be asked of a writer like Mrs. Dahlgren in her "Washington Winter," is that she should make her statements harmonize. Herself one of the landmarks of Washington society, she cannot plead ignorance or forgetfulness in regard to times and places.

She had a right to the novelist's privilege in locating events, in using actual names and characters or not as she chose, but having used them she was bound to historical accuracy just as much as an ordinary low-bred American. If one looks a little closely at her facts they will be found to be very much mixed up, and the longer one looks the worse they will appear.

Mr. Phineas Ignotus was a "carpet-bagger," who was serving his second term in the House at the time the story begins. The first State admitted to the Union under the Reconstruction Act was in July, 1868; so that no "carpet-bagger" could have been serving a second term before 1870. Ergo it must have been as late as 1870. But, "the President and his wife" were not present at Senator Spangler's house-warming, though General Grant was. General Grant was President from March 4, 1869, until March 4, 1877. So the "Washington Winter" here portrayed must have been either before or after that double quadrimester. But before 1869 there were no carpet-bag congressmen; and after the expiration of his term General Grant was never in Washington during a winter until 1881. Again, during that "Winter," as she tells us, Mr. Choate argued a case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and Mr. Choate died in 1859.

As*

As a picture of Washington society Mrs. Dahlgren has discredited herself by a silly and useless exaggeration. There is, no doubt, enough of vulgarity and coarseness in high places. Of the peculiar formal culture—the knowledge of ceremonious requirements of fashionable life and the small change of what is termed polite society, to which Mrs. Dahlgren has given the best part of a long life—there is, undoubtedly, a great scarcity among our congressmen, the greater part of whom have made their way by rougher work than dancing attendance on ladies' fairs, and studying the rules of social intercourse which come to us from European courts. Yet for all this a man may be a gentleman without being able to officiate as a butler, and a woman may be a lady without spending all her life in mastering the thousand-and-one rules that hedge about the conduct of the artificial masquerade known as a woman of fashion. Mrs. Dahlgren may have good ground for anger against the American people because they would neither buy her book on etiquette nor observe the rules she has sought to impose on Washington society; but she had no right to put such a construction as the following into the mouth of the wife of a member of the Cabinet:

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Secretary, "I'm greatly obliged to you, ma'am. Sary's a good gal." (She is speaking of her twelve-year-old daughter at her own reception.) "I never hear to lick her. Won't you and Mr. What's-his-name take something to eat? . . . The vittels is in the back room, and yer more than welcome. We never give drinks here because we are wholly, entirely and tea-totally temperance."

Mrs. Dahlgren's purpose evidently is to ridicule the temperance cause, and to produce the impression that only the vulgar are "tea-totally temperance" in Washington. In her zeal she has overreached herself. A woman who would have the moral courage to face the ridicule of Washington snobs of both sexes by refusing intoxicating drinks at her own entertainments, must of necessity have too much intelligence to speak in the manner indicated. If such a woman ever existed she may not have been as well versed in the arts of twiddle-twaddery as "Mrs. Wilton," but she must have been

for more of a lady than the woman who could ridicule her lack of culture without recognising the depth of principle that led her to refuse to make herself an instrument in the debasement of others.

The Financial Situation.

THE apprehensions that have been entertained for some months in regard to the financial situation, together with the labor troubles and the check given to manufacturing thereby, as well as the disturbances and failures of midsummer, instead of being precursors of a general stringency in the autumn, are more likely to prove guarantees of a safe and healthy financial condition. The apprehension of a stringency acting on the minds of country retailers, together with the very unfavorable weather of the early spring, led them to make lighter purchases than usual and influenced the farming population to exercise a like restraint in their purchase of everything except necessary supplies. The result was that the jobbers who had prepared for a large trade found themselves with mouldy stocks on hand, and they in turn have bought less extensively for the fall trade. This has in some cases proved unfortunate to the jobber, but the consumer and retailer are now in better condition financially than they have been at any time during the past two years. The prospect of poor crops made the one prudent, and the fear of light sales made the other cautious. Both have yet in mind the lesson of the great crash. Whatever stringency may now come these two great classes cannot be affected with any serious fear, because neither of them is greatly indebted. The man who is out of debt regards such a convulsion with the utmost composure.

Production was checked by the fear of a strike and by several failures in the iron business early in the season, so that the market is not overloaded, and those who are now producing in most lines of manufacture are doing so on a sound basis.

In leather there has been a diseased state of trade for a long time. A vast amount of capital has been induced by various causes to embark in different branches of the business, and there has been a determined effort to keep up prices in spite of over-production and speculation. The natural result has followed and it is probable that more failures in this line will occur.

The speculative failures at the East and West have been in different lines and were directly traceable to over-speculation. That the effect of these has only been temporary, and that money has at once become as easy as before, shows conclusively that the fear of a stringency during the autumn has forewarned and fore-armed, not only the consumer and the retailer, but also the capitalist. In fact, almost every one has been saying for months, "We are going to have a crash this fall, and I am not going to be where I can be hurt." This precaution is the best possible security against the thing feared. It is more than likely that jobbers and middle-men will suffer. Failures among such may be looked for during the early fall. The proportion of them during the summer has been unusually large, for the reasons we have given. Some lines of special and limited manufacture, especially novelties, may suffer from over-production. The early fall trade, like the late spring trade, will be very light. The later fall trade will most probably be heavier, and all of it on narrow margins, for an unusual proportion of cash and short, safe credits. In brief, the present outlook is that we shall have a short, early fall trade, a fair, safe later fall trade, and a brisk midwinter business.



IN the open-minded, simple-hearted, even credulous man whose recollections have just been translated for American readers, it is difficult to find a trace of the bagbear which, nearly a score of years ago, stood in orthodox circles for something as foolish and akin to all evil, as Napoleon once appeared to the British mind. Whatever the feeling may be as to the harm done by Renan's "Life of Jesus," and his other researches into the facts of sacred history, no one who reads the present volume can ever again question his intense earnestness, or the deep spiritual struggle through which he passed, before his path became clear. He has lived a singularly pure and blameless life; has been content with poverty, or what must count as such, and gives his recollections and impressions of life with an ingenuous simplicity that is most captivating. He places at the end a sentence which should really find room in the beginning. "Vanity," he says, "is so deep in its secret calculations that even when frankly criticising himself the writer is liable to the suspicion of not being quite open and above-board. The danger in such a case is that he will, with unconscious artfulness, humbly confess, as he can do without much merit, to trifling and external defects so as indirectly to ascribe to himself very high qualities. The demon of vanity is assuredly a very subtle one, and I ask myself whether perchance I have fallen a victim to it."

One is inclined to feel that he has, on encountering a sentence like this: "I am the only man of my time who has been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi"—but finds so many offsets in the numerous admissions of follies and weaknesses that the charge is dropped as soon as made. His remarks on his character as a truth-teller are deliciously absurd as well as essentially French.

"All things considered," he says, "I should not, if I had to begin my life over again, with the right of making what ensures I liked, change anything. The defects of my nature and education have, by a sort of benevolent Providence, been so attenuated and reduced as to be of very little moment. A certain apparent lack of frankness in relations with them is forgiven me by my friends, who attribute it to my clerical education. I must admit that, in the early part of my life, I often told untruths, not in my own interest, but out of good nature and indifference, upon the mistaken idea which always induces me to take the view of the person with whom I may be conversing. My sister depicted to me in very vivid colors the drawbacks involved in acting like this, and I have given up doing so. I am not aware of having told a single untruth since 1851, with the exception, of course, of the harmless stories and polite fibs which all conversists permit, as also the literary evasions which, in the interests of higher truth, must be used to make up a well-poised phrase, or to avoid a still greater misfortune—that of stabbing an author. Thus, for instance, a poet brings you some

(1) RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH. By ERNEST RENAN. Translated by C. R. F. PIERCE. 1890. pp. 368, 61. 6s. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

verses. You must say that they are admirable, for if you said less it would be tantamount to describing them as worthless, and to inflicting a grievous insult upon a man who intended to show you a polite attention."

He declares that his life is as open as the day: "I have kept nothing back from anybody." The recollections are fragmentary, even chaotic at times, but there is not a dull page among them. His account of his change from Catholicism to Rationalism is of deep interest, but requires to be read as a whole. He claims that, unlike most men of his time, his morals have remained as unshaken as when in the seminary, and adds, with a quiet frankness that holds at the end a truth to which many will bear witness: "A man should never take two liberties with popular prejudice at the same time. The free-thinker should be very particular as to his morals. I have been beloved by the four women whose love was of the most comfort to me—my mother, my sister, my wife and my daughter. I have had the better part, and it will not be taken from me, for I often fancy that the judgments which will be passed upon us in the valley of Jehosaphat, will be neither more nor less than those of women, condescended by the Almighty."

The translation is well made, but those who would enjoy the book fully should read it in the author's peculiarly rich and idiomatic French, the color of which is necessarily lost in translation.

THE new monthly, *The Pulpit Treasury*, published by E. B. Treat, New York, meets with much favor, its contents representing the best thought given from the pulpit of the country. It is neatly printed, and sufficiently low in price to come within the means of all interested in its purpose.

"SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH BY-WAYS" is a well-illustrated and well-printed descriptive pamphlet by Edwards Roberts, whose accounts of southwestern localities are favorably known to readers of *THE CONTINENT*. It is of general interest, and to the traveler desirous of knowing what to see in the country described, will be very useful. It is issued from the Lakeside Press, Chicago.

A DICTIONARY of photography has been prepared by Ben Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, containing the respecting outlines for upward of thirty thousand words, embracing every useful word in the language, and a large number of proper and geographical names, legal, scientific and technical terms, etc., fully engraved with parallel key in the ordinary type. It is published by the Photographic Institute of Cincinnati at \$2.50 a copy.

THE July-August number of the *Monthly References Lists*, published by F. Leopoldt, contains a very valuable list of references, by Mr. Foster, to the "Editions of Shakespeare." Not only have the entries been prepared with great care and research, but the whole has passed under the scrutiny of six of the most distinguished Shakespearean scholars in this country, who have themselves added notes and memoranda in the course of their revision.

THE collection of relics of Martin Luther will be placed on exhibition early in November at the Brandenburg Provincial Museum, in Berlin. This museum already possesses the Bible of which Luther made daily use, and which has annotations in his own handwriting. The entrance money is to be devoted to the Luther Memorial, which it is proposed to erect in the New Market in front of the Marien Kirche, the oldest church of Berlin. At Wittenberg a very fine Luther medal has just been struck. It is of gold in the centre and silver round the border.

NOVEMBER is to give the reading public a new magazine, to be published by the Leonard Scott Company, with the title of *Shakespeareana*. It is designed to furnish a recognized medium for the interchange of ideas among Shakespearean scholars, and to afford the student the full-out information relative to Shakespeare's art, life and works. The most diversified themes will be treated in its pages by eminent Shakespearean scholars, and will be supplemented by editorials upon the latest aspects of contemporary Shakespearean thought. The price will be but \$1.50 a year.

"OUTRAGE" ill-health does not prevent her spending her mind with great distinctness and freedom in a letter to the *London Times* on the question of international copyright. "It is of course," she says, "to talk of honest or honorable feeling to the American nation as regards English literature. They say, with cynical frankness, that so long as they can steal it for nothing it does not serve their purpose to pay for it. I, for one, never hope to see them abandon this position. When they do, their commercial morality will be purer than it is at present. The 'dime novel' suits their purses and their tastes, and European authors are sacrificed without any scruple that America may be supplied with this ugly and ill-printed production of an advanced civilization."

THE liberal Israelite of to-day is but few removes from the liberal Christian, and so many points of accord discover themselves in a dispassionate discussion, that there seems small reason for being so far apart. The Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, of Cincinnati, has put an book form the Friday evening lectures delivered before the congregation of the Plain Street Temple, under the title of "Judaism and Christianity; their Agreements and Disagreements," and all who are in any degree interested in theological questions will find them well worth attention, the catholic spirit and ripe scholarship of the author being evident on every page. To understand alien beliefs, and realize all points where agreement is possible is the duty of every soul who desires union rather than discussion, and the present volume is one of the best aids to this end ever offered. (Svo, pp. 123, \$1.00).

THE translations which have come from the press of William S. Gottschee, New York, have all been of value, and many of them of much more than usual interest, but the latest issue, "A Tragedy in the Imperial Haven at Constantinople," by Lella-Hannum, is too full of painful and often repellent details to give the pleasant one series, but of late is often not allowed to find, in fiction. The translation is a very vivid one, having been made by General R. E. Colston, late Bey on the General Staff of the Egyptian Army, and his profuse should be read in full, as it contains his own opinion of the importance of the book, which he regards as one of the truest pictures of genuine Musselman life ever given. Explanatory notes are added, and the book, though painful, is certainly worthy of attention, and will go far toward confirming Mr. Edward Freeman's verdict on Turkey and her doings. (18mo, pp. 294, \$1.00).

HYAT has had no effect on the August number of the *Magazine of American History*, which is as brilliant as would be expected from the energy and ability of the new editor, Mrs. Maria J. Lamb. The leading article, "Chyborne, the Rebel," is a remarkably entertaining and informing chapter of authentic history, contributed by the distinguished Virginia writer, John Estlin Cooke. It reads like a veritable romance. The illustrations, seventeen in number, which brighten its pages, form a curious history in themselves. Joel Benton has an interesting article on "An Old School Book," the "English Reader" of our youth, and the whole number forms one of the most acceptable issues of this valuable and important historical publication which has yet been issued from the press.

The new management are to be heartily congratulated on its pronounced success. Publication office, 39 Lafayette Place, New York City.

"CALLED THE IRRESISTIBLE," the latest addition to the "Hammock Series," by May Moscare Poynter, reads as if written by a bright and imaginative boarding-school girl, gushing and absurd beyond even the natural bent of her kind, and with the sense of perspective or of fitness as yet quite undeveloped. Caleb is a small dunkey of the Topsey order, whose devotion to his master is his strongest trait after his phenomenal outrageousness. Caleb and Aunt Dinah, his mother, are the most natural and interesting characters in the book, which holds the fortunes of "Mass Jack," in love with Katie Lee, an orphan confided to his mother's care, and sufficiently willful and fresh-kissed to insure three hundred pages of very transparent complications, the proposal and love scene in Caleb's presence being not the least preposterous of the many preposterous situations. (Chicago, pp. 267, \$1.00; Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.)

AMERICAN HUMOR, at present as vigorously discussed as the American novel, is as open to question as the latter, as to what its constituents and characteristics must be, to place it under that head. In the meantime an excellent presentation of its southwestern form is found in "On a Mexican Mustang Through Texas from the Gulf to the Rio Grande," by Alex. E. Sweet and J. Amory Knox, editors of *Texas Sketches*. The wildest exaggeration goes hand-in-hand with a power of observation and of really lucid and telling statement that makes a combination as bewildering as could well be presented to the British critic, who will undoubtedly affirm the jokes to be facts, and the facts jokes, and moralize accordingly. The bulky volume abounds in absurdities, and there is a laugh on every page, provided always that it is looked over in bits, and not continuously, the most brilliant humor failing to excite enthusiasm after six hundred and seventy-two pages. (Svo, pp. 673, \$3.50; S. S. Scrantom & Co., Hartford.)

WHAT Mr. Cable has done for Creole life in New Orleans, has been accomplished by another author for the social life of the city as a whole, in a novel entitled "The War of the Bachelors." The "bachelors" are two gentlemen of middle age, whose supremacy is society rather despises a younger generation of men, who form a club known as the "D'Orsneys." A young and beautiful widow is induced to join in a plot designed to put down the bachelors and make the "D'Orsneys" leaders, but in the end yields to the younger of the two redoubtable. The book just escapes being a brilliant novel. Its local coloring is excellent; its sketches of newspaper life equally so. There is much brilliant though sometimes sketched talk, and the story reads like a graceful society comedy. The author signs herself simply "Orleanian," but is well known as the late Dr. Wharton, of New Orleans, from whom, had he lived, better work might confidently have been expected. (Svo, pp. 405, \$1.50; New Orleans.)

AN exchange gives some details of Rochefort's present life, which has passed into the even and untroubled stage and seems full of satisfaction to its owner. He is conducting his paper, *L'Intransigeant*, successfully, but he devotes little attention to it. Most of his time he spends in artists' studios, at the races, or in the company of his friends. He never plays cards in public, and has a horror of gambling. After dinner, at about nine o'clock, he goes to his study at the top of his house to write his daily article. This study is a large, cool and scintillating-furnished room. But adjoining it is an artist's studio, where M. Rochefort has placed his famous Persian ambassador's bed, a splendid piece of artistic furniture. The editor contemplates this, and then, if it fails to inspire him with

a topic, he turns to the window and gazes out upon a landscape of roofs and chimney tops. When at last he finds a topic he writes rapidly and easily, on large sheets of paper, and within an hour sends the finished article to the printing office. At midnight he goes to correct the proofs, sees the paper made ready for the press, and then goes home and to bed, to give no thought to his profession until late the next evening.

THE latest "Round Robin" novel, "His Second Campaign," is a story of Southern life, in some points exceedingly true to nature. Rosalie Chenier is the youngest daughter of a Southern soldier crippled in the war, and redeemed from affluence to almost poverty, nothing remaining save an old grist-mill in "the Pocket," a valley in the Georgia mountains, where "moonshiners" come and go, and lover number one appears in the shape of Frank Ellis, owner of a still, and of the most pronounced Southern type. Rosalie is shortly taken to Savannah by her father's sister, the wife of a Southern railroad king, and there is a very charming picture of life in the stately old mansion and the city in general. Edgar Julian, a Chicago railroad lawyer, and Mr. Roosevelt's chief reliance in his daring ventures, has been a Union soldier, and, in Sherman's march to the sea, has himself fired the old home of Rosalie, whom he comes to love passionately. Of the many resultant complications, the confession of identity made to Rosalie's father, the bitter rivalry between Ellis and Julian, the reader must not be balked of discovering at first hand. There are indications that the analytical novel has had its day. At least recent ones are on a different plan, and the tone is higher and finer than the majority of work for long. (Chicago, pp. 342, \$1.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.)

THE New York *Tribune* gives a curious story, sent to them from Cleveland, in regard to the anonymous novel, "The Bread-Winners," begun in the August *Century*. The MS. of the story is said to have been found in the desk of the late Leonard Case, of that city, the bachelor millionaire, and magnificent founder of the Case School of Applied Science. He was a man of amiable character, of fine culture and of remarkable natural abilities, but his life was so clouded by constant ill-health, and by a singular constitutional shyness, that his talents were unknown even to his own townpeople, and hardly appreciated by his few intimate friends. He wrote poems, sketches and tales for his own amusement, rarely publishing anything but an occasional mathematical paper in the transactions of the Smithsonian Institution. The MS. of "The Bread-Winners" was found shortly after his death, several years ago, in a mass of other documents, and only recently examined by his friends and executors. It was put into the hands of a competent editor and prepared for the press, and then submitted to Mr. Gilder, of *The Century*, who at once accepted it for publication in his magazine, declaring it one of the strongest stories which have ever come into his hands. The personages are rather thinly-veiled portraits of Mr. Case's friends—the hero being generally recognised as Colonel William H. Harris, a retired army officer, whose house and grounds are accurately described in the first chapter of the novel.

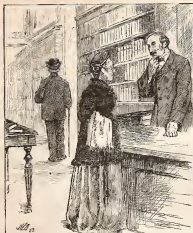
NEW BOOKS.

THE TWO HIBERNIDS, and Other Novels. By Sarah Zola. Translated by George D. Cox. 340 pp., 11.00. T. R. Pogson & Sons, Philadelphia.

FRANCOIS. By Sir Walter Scott. Peterson's Cheap Edition for the Million. Paper, pp. 128, 5 cents.

HERBES POTABLES. Studies Afternoon Lectures Before the Greenhouse. N. C. Lee School. By Robert P. Dick. Paper, pp. 292. C. F. Thomas, Greenhouse.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PARADISE. In the balance of Los Angeles. Being a Historic and Descriptive Account of Pasadena, San Gabriel, Sierra Madre, and La Graciosa. Map and Illustrations. Paper, pp. 132. R. W. C. Fawcett, Pasadena, California.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

I. (Library attendant to lady, who has just asked for "Hostetter's Sublime Quotations") : "I'm very sorry, ma'am, but Professor Smythe has just taken it out for very weeks." (Points to Prof. S., who is vanishing with the volume in question under his arm.)

Lady.—"I'd like to know what reference libraries are for if the books are never in." (Exit indignant.)

II. Same lady, at small table, absorbed in making notes from "Foe's Index," which she has had for three hours. Two or three people seated and standing about, impatiently waiting for a chance at the book. In background, Prof. S. talking to superintendent of library.

Prof. S.—"Now I'd like to know what is the use of a reference library if an old subscriber can never get a chance at a book."

The Captives of an Elf.

THERE is in Elfdom a Gnomer—
Most mischievous of sprites—
Who, where are found the saddest things,
With water of his malicious wings,
Turns into fun the trickling tear,
Makes dolor grim, makes sorrow queer,
Transforms all gloom with fount and jeer,
To mischief gives his days and nights;
Therein his soul delights
Of whom this scribner writes.

Lamenters

It is a funeral: the friends
Are ranged in weeping rows
Around the dead, which grimly lends
To all its sad repose.
Led by this most malicious Elf,
The person sadly seats himself
Beneath the marble mantle shelf,
And hits his head, in leaping back,
Such a reverberating whack,
All odorous by the sounding crack
In stifled laughter ends.

Tease.

The preacher in the pulpit stands,
And, reaching out appealing hands,
Notes not a cat, demure and still,
Reposing on the window-sill.

"O friends!" the parson cries—each paw
In rapt attention fixed—"why do
A thing so wrong? Oh, why pursue
So false a course? Will you—? Will you—?"
A breathless pause from where it sat,
And heard of all, by far too pat
To be undisturbed in that.

"Dear friends," the parson cries, "will you—?"
Grinnalkin answers, "Now I will—?"

TERT

To keep from mischief 'till he's done,
A grave old parson takes his son
Into his pulpit. He the wick.
His pulpit is the candlestick—
Old-fashioned pulpit, boxed around;
Such still in ancient kirks are found.
Better he rises up to preach,
Heaven's grace he kneeleth to beseech;
The parson's son then gravely rose,
His father's glasses on his nose,
And, standing on the pulpit stool,
Made by the Elf his willing tool,
He hums. With accent clear and cool,
"While prayer proceeds, my friends," he cries,
Amid the hush of wild surprise,
"To waste no jot of Sabbath time,
Let us unite to sing a hymn."

JOHN GILPIN.

Knotty.

Saint bachelor Fred unto bachelor Harry,
"I've partially made up my mind to marry
And settle down; for I'm quite worn out
With all this gallowspinning about."

"A fellow thinks he has lived in clover,
Till the bills come in when the season's over,
And then he finds to his cost, alas!
He's positively turned out to grass."

"A wife, you know, with a wealthy father,
Would be a pleasant incumbrance—rather,
And a sweetheart nowadays seems to be
A very expensive luxury."

"Yet whether to marry or not to marry
Is a question that puzzles me sorely, Harry.
What would you advise?" "Well, I'll tell you what,"
Said Harry: "I think you had better—knot!"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

JAMES PYLE'S



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EVER INVENTED FOR
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Two Plans.
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone—
The sad and earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, and it's lost on the air;
The echo that answers with a joyful sound,
But shrinks from voicing care.
Rejoice, and your friends are many;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are those to refuse your merriment's wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the guests will fly;
Rejoice and give, and it helps you live;
But to mourn can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a happy and merry train;
But not one that they read all the fun
Through the narrow halls of pain.—The Judge.

Voting Bonds.—A town up in New Hampshire which wanted to build a highway bridge had heard so much of issuing bonds to pay for such improvements that a representative was sent to Boston to inquire how it could be done, and to arrange for it. He visited a broker and stated the case, and the broker rubbed his hands and replied:

"You did quite right to come to me. In the first place, you must vote to bond the township or county. If you think there is any danger of the project being defeated I can run in 150 or 200 railroad laborers to help carry it."

"Is it possible?"

"If you want a \$3000 bridge, vote bonds to the amount of \$6000. You and I can manage to gobble up anything left over."

"Well, I declare!"

"I'll place the bonds for you for a commission. Then I'll recommend a bridge-builder, and make him come down. Then he will submit for a bonus, and by dodging specifications and working in odds and ends, and using putty to hide the cracks, I think—"

"I swear! but I won't listen—I won't—I won't!" shouted the representative, and he rushed out and took the train for home to report that they had better patch up the old bridge and make it do for a year or two more.—*Wall Street News.*

A successful strike occurred when the Richmond night express train struck a negro walking on the track, who got a glimpse of the locomotive's headlight just before being landed in the woods a dozen or two yards from the road line. His first conscious words were, "For de Lord's sake, boss, who flew dat lantern at me?"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Walls have ears? Of course they have. You remember how quickly the walls of Jericho tumbled to the racket.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Wall Street sandwich—Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a little lamb in the middle.—*Boston Transcript.*



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"My doctor pronounced my case Bright's Disease, and told me that I would live only forty-eight hours. I then took Hunt's Remedy, and was speedily cured."

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The "Used-to-Be."

The mother gathered her children together,
She folded them close to her heart in gloom
For the red sun had brought them many weathers,
And what they should do they never could see.
And they trod in a quivering tone, "Mamma,
Now think back over and over so far,
And think if you ever had rainy days
That troubled your plans and spoiled the plays,
And what you did when they used to be."

The mother laughed with a low, soft laughter,
She was "remembering," they could see.
"I know, you reason, what you are all after,
I'll tell you a tale that happened to me—
And some little wee bits of girls
With hair as yellow as shining curls,
When it rained for a day and a night and a day,
And we thought it meant to keep on that way,
And we were as tired as tired could be."

"Up in the attic—in grandma's attic—
There's a chest of drawers, or they used to be,
Though we had many a change of outfit
Not to go near enough to see.
But one rainy day we opened it wide
And strewn the contents on every side.
We dressed ourselves in the queer old caps
And brass-buttoned coats with long blue flaps—
Yes—wait a minute—papa wants me."

They waited and waited and waited and waited,
They waited and waited and waited and waited,
Thirty hours it seems to me!
Cried weary Kitty with eyes dimmed,
"Let's do it ourselves—I can find the key!"
So they climbed the stairs, "as still as a mouse"
(You might have heard it all over the house),
And they dressed themselves in trusting dresses,
And powdered wigs and tattered trunks,
"Just as they did in the 'used-to-be'!"

The warbling sister kept creaking and squeaking,
There was no time to turn and flee.
"What is all this?" (It was grandma speaking.)
"I'll take care of you over my knee!"
(As I expect to say that day—
All except KIDNEY, who went and hid.)
And when they went and told mamma,
She only said, with a soft ha-ha!
"Just wait my mother did to me!"
—July Wide Awake.

"What is the matter with my darling boy, doctor?" agonizingly asked a fond mother, gazing upon the youngest as he lay doubled up like the letter W. The physician felt of his pulse, looked at his tongue and then sentimentally observed, "Watermelon." He had seen the rinds in the woodshed when he came in.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a millionaires the very first day and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck.—New Orleans Picayune.

The ball player who has been sent to the New York State Prison for attempting to murder his mother-in-law, is now recognized as champion first base. The man who prevented the dead carries off the palm as short stop.

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